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The Week

WHAT is left of the Entente has survived another crisis. After a week end in which M. Poincaré's attitude of truculent defiance seemed deliberately designed to make further coöperation impossible for Great Britain, the Council of Ambassadors has succeeded in patching up an agreement which will preserve a little longer the appearance of unanimity, though the reality long ago departed. Germany must guarantee that Allied officers will be protected "wherever the Reich controls." She is reprimanded, but without the immediate threat of additional punitive measures. Though a breathing space is thus secured, it is of course momentary. The general French policy remains unchanged; and it is one which Great Britain cannot much longer condone, even though she is also powerless to stop it. Italy's defection is a blow to M. Poincaré, but not serious enough to cause him to halt. Indeed, there is now no power in sight which can stop France except bankruptcy or the fall of her present government. Stresemann's optimistic statement last Sunday that things are progressing well for Germany, because France is now detached from Great Britain and Italy, was evidently intended for home consumption. Certainly there is little in the present situation to cause any German to hope.

AFFAIRS in Germany, indeed, grow steadily worse, even when they are already so bad that to plumb lower depths seems almost impossible. While decent opinion everywhere must deplore a return of militarism in Germany, and must agree that the disarmament clauses of the Treaty should be respected, it is clear that the Stresemann government is physically unable to guarantee the safety of the Allied military control officers in such regions as Bavaria, for instance, under present conditions. As to the return of the Crown Prince, the French case is far less valid. By encouraging the Wittelsbach and Hohenzollern factions to fight among themselves, Stresemann has not improbably taken the shrewdest step for the preservation of the Republic. He has certainly postponed the day of the Monarchist coup and perhaps averted it. Even a postponement is valuable in his present precarious position. His Cabinet is but a fragment; he has lost the support of the Reichstag; he has been forced to abandon the Ruhr and Rhineland in a political sense, and even unemployment doles and public feeding will only be maintained a few weeks longer, until British and American charity can get under way. The situation of the Ruhr population, indeed, is as tragically uncertain as that of any group in modern history, with the exception of such victims as the Christian minority in Turkey. Both Germany and France have refused responsibility for its existence. The negotiations between the French and the industrialists were broken off by the former in a cavalier fashion which gives much support to Francis Delaisi's theory that the policy of Paris is concerned only with destroying the productivity of the Ruhr for all time.

LITTLE by little it becomes clear why the British Prime Minister called a general election at such a critical and unpropitious moment in English his-

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tory. He did not feel strong and unfettered enough to cope with the situation unless he could obtain a vote of confidence from the electorate. His weakness came in part from differences of opinion among his supporters, in part from the failure of his Cabinet to include a number of Tory leaders of considerable influence inside and outside of the House of Commons and in part from certain embarrassing promises which his predecessor had uttered during the last general election. Mr. Baldwin hopes that by a new election he can improve the position of his government in all these respects. By reviving protection as one of the Tory policies he expects to unite and consolidate his party, to give it a program sharply distinguished from that of his adversaries, to improve its morale, and to draw back into the Tory fold the rest of the Tory coalitionists. In this he has already succeeded. All the leading coalitionists who went out with Lloyd George except Winston Churchill, are supporting Mr. Baldwin, and their accession adds much to the aggressive strength, the brains and debating ability of the Tories. But whether it will add to their voting strength is a much more doubtful matter.

THE present British government is supported by only a minority of the electorate and under the conditions now prevailing the addition or the subtraction of a few hundred thousand votes out of a total of many millions might make an enormous difference in the composition of the next House of Commons. A year ago approximately 5,500,000 Tories elected almost 360 representatives while more than 8,000,000 voters, divided about equally between the Liberal and Labor parties elected about 280. By raising the issue of free trade Mr. Baldwin has reunited the Liberals, and will probably increase the Liberal strength at the expense of Labor. But he has also converted some of the so-called national Liberals to Toryism, and the division between the Liberals and Labor has, as a result of Liberal reunion, become wider than before. English prophets expect one of two results —either the return of a Tory majority to the House somewhat smaller in numbers than the present majority but more united under Mr. Baldwin's leadership, or the division of the House into three groups of which the Tories will be the largest but not large enough to constitute a majority against a combined Liberal and Labor opposition. The second of the results would from a practical point of view be extremely undesirable. The only possible government would be that of a coalition either between the Liberals and the Tories or between the Liberals and Labor. It is difficult to see how a coalition could be effected or how if it were effected, it could mean anything but a weak government at a time when the British Empire needs above all a strong government.

HIS political opponents of both parties have denounced Mr. Baldwin violently for bringing on a general election at the present time, but at this distance it looks from the Tory point of view like shrewd politics. If Mr. Baldwin has actually lost the confidence of the country in the sense that the late Mr. Bonar Law won it a year ago, the sooner he is superseded the better. On the other hand if he succeeds in electing a majority to the House, he will be in a stronger position than he is now even though his majority is somewhat reduced in numbers. For he will have proved that his government is the only possible government at the present time and he will have diminished the obstacles to the proposal of a specifically Tory economic policy. Such a policy is bound to move away from dependence on European markets and towards the increasing economic unity of the Empire; and a movement of this kind is inevitable if France is to control for many years, as she is evidently planning to do, the coal, iron and steel production of the Continent. Insofar as French policy forces Great Britain either to become the accomplice of France or go to war or retire from the Continent, Great Britain will in the end adopt the third course of conduct. Yet if she does adopt it, and France obtains a free hand in exploiting German manufacturing ability, Great Britain cannot maintain wholly unimpaired her traditional free trade policy.

THE recent fall of the franc to the lowest point in its history raises a question which ought to be of great interest to the French bondholder. How much is the franc worth, intrinsically? The value of the franc stands on a pedestal of ifs. If the French government can cover the interest on its internal debt, together with current civil and military expenditures, the franc may remain near its present level. The French people are now taxed about as heavily as they can be taxed without developing a dangerous political restlessness. The revenue receipts for this year are expected to reach 21,000,000,000 francs of which about 15,000,000,000 will be absorbed by interest payments on the public debt. The remaining 6,000,000,000 might suffice for other expenditures if they were ruthlessly pruned to the limit. If, however, France becomes isolated and consequently is forced to increase her expenditures for military and naval purposes, the 6,000,000,000 would not suffice. Moreover, if her present economic boom gives way to doubt and depression, much of the 6,000,000,000 will fade away. A policy of reconciliation which enabled Germany to make substantial payment would help, but it is probably too late for such a policy. Apparently, then, the franc at its present quotations is an extremely precarious value. A judicious rigging of the market may keep it where it is for a time.

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THERE is not an equally definite financial reason for the weakness of sterling. Great Britain has taxable capacity enough to meet the interest on her debt together with other necessary expenditures, whatever complications may arise on the continent. Her people will stand being taxed to capacity. But the general economic forces making for inflation are powerful. It would be much easier for the government to balance the budget with the pound at four dollars. The export industries would find it much easier to yield a profit if wages could be paid in pounds of a lower value. Old principles of financial honor will prevent the government and the governing industrial classes from taking deliberate steps toward pulling the pound down. But the pound can be kept up only by an active policy of support. This policy may easily flag.

WE greatly regret that Mr. McAdoo has given his support to what is unquestionably the worst plan of all for financing the bonus, a long term bond issue. If we must have a bonus—and there is no very good reason outside of politics why we must—we ought to stand up to it and pay it now. The project of a bonus, as the politicians see it, is a vote getting outlay. The injustice of saddling the cost of the 1924 election upon the next generation is evident. The next generation will have its own election costs to meet. We are the more grieved by Mr. McAdoo's advocacy of the plan of inflating our public debt, because he is one of the few political leaders who is alive to the consequences of such action. He knows that our debt is now too large. We are paying much higher interest than we should have to pay if the debt were reduced to reasonable proportions. If we are forced eventually to take over the railways—and Mr. McAdoo knows we may have to do it—we shall have to extinguish the claims of the private owners with funds raised by the sale of bonds. These funds will come high if we play the spendthrift with our national credit.

SECRETARY MELLON has at last discovered the magic formula with which to slay the bonus dragon. Except politicians, no one favors a subsidy to ex-service men save those who expect to get something out of it; and the shrewd Mr. Mellon has, to vary our figure, built a counter-fire of self-interest by telling the tax-payer he may have substantial relief for his pocketbook, if only he will refrain from burdening the government with a liability of several billion dollars for "adjusted compensation." This announcement has resulted, we are told, in a storm of approval from all parts of the country (aided, it is fair to add, by vigorous support by many leading newspapers); and as a result the Republicans are tumbling over themselves in their effort to get into line. President Coolidge is expected to make tax reduction a leading theme of his first message to Congress. In public, the Congressmen in charge of the fight for the bonus are pulling a long face; though privately, most of them are not at all displeased at this chance to evade a struggle in which none of them would have participated of his own accord.

THE air continues to resound with plans to relieve the suffering farmer. Some of them are good politics; but none which has been advanced recently is good economics. Governor Nestos of North Dakota, and a number of other people, believe a higher tariff on wheat will do the trick, even though we do not import wheat but export it, and though the present tariff does not seem to have helped the farmer in the slightest degree. W. P. G. Harding, who was Federal Reserve Board governor until partisan politics forced him out, assumes that tax reductions, which will raise the general level of prosperity, will give agriculture all the help it needs. Secretary Wallace proposes a scheme which seems fantastic, a government-controlled export organization which shall dump surplus wheat abroad until, behind the tariff wall, the domestic price rises to a profitable level. Such a plan, of course, would encourage retaliatory dumping by other countries, would cost the American consumer far more than the producer would get, and would very likely encourage additional planting so that next year's surplus would be bigger than ever.

TO the list of avowed presidential candidates, which has hitherto consisted of Senator Underwood, two names were added last week, and a third half-way proposed. Hiram Johnson announced himself a candidate for the Republican nomination, and W. G. McAdoo virtually admitted his willingness to be the Democratic choice. Charlie Murphy, the Tsar of Tammany Hall, has demanded a "wet" plank in the Democratic platform, which the political experts take to be his way of making "Al" Smith, governor of New York, an added starter.

IN prescribing a wet platform for Governor Smith's presidential malady Mr. Murphy demonstrates how far the professional politician will go in possessing himself of the asset of an unavailable "favorite son." We have frequently expressed our admiration of Governor Smith as a man and as an executive. He is courageous, honest and a genuine democrat. We regard as unworthy of America the religious intolerance that would dismiss forthwith his claims to consideration as a candidate for the presidency on the one ground that he is a Catholic. But a Roman Catholic candidate on a wet platform is about as good a definition of unavailability as could be devised. Any-

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body could beat such a combination—even Nicholas Murray Butler. It is plain that Murphy's proposal conceals ulterior designs of some importance.

IF Governor Pinchot were absolute Tsar of Pennsylvania he could make rapid progress toward a settlement of the problem of anthracite coal. He could reduce the operators to submission by the threat of taxing the unearned increment out of their holdings. He is not Tsar, but a democratic executive narrowly limited in what he can do by a legislature very far from sympathetic with the whole of his program of reform. The same is true of the governors of the coal using states. If they were Tsars they could go far toward controlling the price of coal through regulating the dealers. They are rendered impotent by the feebleness of their legislative control. And so they try to save their faces by passing the buck. In the meantime the consumer is heavily mulcted and the coal operators and distributors wax fat and impudent. Their time is coming, however. If Governor Pinchot accomplishes nothing else, at least he is arousing the people to an acute sense of the outrages practiced upon them. Sooner or later they will drive the legislatures to action.

JUDGE MORROW of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals has made himself famous over night by a California decision which, if it is sustained in the United States Supreme Court, will put an end forever to trade unions in the land of the climate and the home of the booster. Section 697 of the penal code of California forbids employers to use coercion or compulsion in making employees agree not to join labor unions. Judge Morrow has declared this law invalid and has enjoined the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers from organizing non-union workers of the Pacific Electric Railway, holding that the statute in question is repugnant to the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Press dispatches state that Judge Morrow reviewed the war-time activities of strikers and declared that union labor has, because of these acts, sacrificed its right to engage in peaceful arbitration. Pending study of the full text of the decision, we refuse to believe that a federal judge could seriously employ such an argument as this; but in any case the decision as it stands turns back the clock of progress a full century, and leaves the individual worker at the mercy of his employer. Being a hundred years behind the times is a condition which would hardly be noticeable in the California of today; but other parts of the country are certain to protest against this revival of eighteenth century "morality."

SWITZERLAND seems to have invented a new version of the unwritten law. It is all right to murder a representative of the Russian government, it seems, provided you can show that you don't approve of Bolshevism and provided some of the jury agree with you. Maurice Conradi, who shot down Vorovsky, representative of the Soviet government at the second Lausanne Conference, has just been acquitted under a "plea of provocation" after a trial which was devoted almost exclusively to a discussion of alleged practices of the Russian government at home. Five of Conradi's nine jurors wanted to convict him of the crime of which he was admittedly guilty; but the other four seemed to have a general feeling that assassination is only a minor peccadillo when its victim belongs to a political faith you don't approve of, and especially if he is a foreigner. This is not a new doctrine; but it seems somewhat surprising to find it turning up in a country so supposedly devoted to law and order as Switzerland.

Progressivism—the Vintage of 1924

There is discontent abroad in the land; there is threatened disintegration in the Republican party. The discontent and party difficulties arise not because of popular government but from the lack of it. . . . Reaction and progress must fight it out again in the Republican party in the coming presidential primaries. I question not men now but their philosophy of government. That which obtains at Washington does not fit present-day needs. Ultra-conservatism thus rules, progressivism challenges it. . . . We would have a revitalized Republican party, a party representing alone its rank and file, the instrument neither of static reaction nor destructive radicalism. Only such a party with the broad understanding, vision and human sympathy of progressivism can solve our present day domestic problems.

HIRAM JOHNSON has announced his candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination in a statement of which the preceding quotation contains the essential matter. Progressives, no matter whether they are or are not Republicans, will welcome the announcement. Under existing conditions it would be a confession of weakness on the part of the Republican party to consent to President Coolidge's nomination without a sharp contest. The President himself has as yet done nothing either to deserve or not to deserve a testimonial of confidence; but he represents, as did his predecessor, the conservative wing of his party and he inherits from Mr. Harding a heavy burden of failure and disappointment. Since March, 1921, the American people have become increasingly discontented and restless. They have passed through a process of economic liquidation which was costly to all classes but from which some classes and some sections suffered much more severely than others. They attribute much of this

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suffering to unnecessary mistakes of political and economic management. The Republican party under its chosen leadership tried to deal with the causes of the privation and discontent, but it did not succeed. Its timid, perverted and sometimes insincere economic legislation failed to alleviate the sense of grievance which exists among the farmers and wage-earners in many parts of the country. If the policy and the leadership of the party had not provoked an attempt by the progressive Republicans to alter its program and so improve its chances of success in the election, the lack of a contest would have been equivalent to the suicide of the progressives and would have testified to the existence in the life blood of Republicanism of pernicious anaemia.

As a matter of fact not one but probably several progressive candidates will contest President Coolidge's nomination. Senator Johnson is merely the first in the field and the most aggressive. Senator La Follette and Governor Pinchot will follow suit. But Johnson alone is likely to do what Roosevelt did in 1912—that is, carry the contest into almost all the states which select their delegates by popular primaries. For that reason the emphasis which he may attach to progressive Republicanism will be peculiarly significant. Senator Johnson's announcement is the first attempt since the extinction of the Progressive party to expound progressivism in a form available for national popular consumption.

Senator Johnson's progressivism for 1924 in its preliminary statement is curiously and radically different from the vintage of 1912. Under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt progressivism was militant, definite, personal, bitter and brazen. It was characterized by the political equivalent of what the psychologists call exhibitionism. It was the miscellaneous and disorderly result of a decade of increasing agitation against concrete political and economic abuses most of which were actually personified in the existing leaders of the political and economic machines. It sought to deprive these political and economic leaders of their power and at the same time to create a new and more democratic political and economic machinery which would be immune from recapture by the "special interests."

The agitation was very prolific in catchwords and slogans such as the "square deal," "invisible government" and the like which obtained an enormous currency and which contributed incalculably to the political effectiveness. Above all it was united in spirit, eager, self-confident and towards the end it was carried away by an excess of enthusiasm. It tended more and more to become an explosion of reformist Americanism which expected by means of social reorganization, administrative regulation and direct popular government to do away with the abuses and grievances of an increasingly industrialized, centralized and class-divided American democracy.

Senator Johnson's vintage of progressivism in 1924 is wholly different in origin and outlook. It is a circumspect and calculated attempt to revive a word, to associate it with a candidate and gradually inject into it a fresh meaning. The new vintage lacks body. It contains less than one half of one percent of alcohol. Its distributor insists that reaction and progress must again fight it out in the Republican party, but he does not divulge what the antagonists are or how specifically they differ. He is most inoffensive about his opponents as men. He merely questions their philosophy of government. Their "static" philosophy invites ultra-radicalism by contesting every human advance, while his progressive philosophy is "idealistic," "forward-looking" and is expressive of "human vision" and "sympathy." In only one respect does he state what concretely he means by progressivism, and in this respect progressivism can scarcely be accused of looking forward. It means an absolute refusal to have anything to do with the League of Nations or to depart in any way from the traditional American isolationism. But in reference to all domestic questions, progressivism is, according to Senator Johnson, a philosophy but not a program. It is a moving and noble group of ideas which are the opposite and the adversary of conservatism. That apparently is all its apostle cares to tell us about it now.

The new progressivism has no doubt certain advantages over the old. The old progressivism of 1912 and the preceding years lacked a sufficient binder of doctrine. It was a coalition of special reformist agitations which was more insurgent than liberal, which was united chiefly by emotional sympathies and antipathies and which, unlike British liberalism in the nineteenth century, was never stabilized by continuity of outlook and conviction. It was too prone to denounce its political opponents as crooks and to dress up the progressive in the theatrical costume of an avenging angel instead of the more serviceable suit of a shrewd, alert, tolerant and thoughtful man of the world. It is, consequently, a gain to be told that the difference between progressives and conservatives is a difference, not between good men and bad men, but between the adherents of two different political tendencies and philosophies whose comparative value must presumably be tested by their results in practice. Unfortunately, however, this gain is neutralized by the almost ridiculous vagueness of Senator Johnson's account of what voters will get if they elect the spokesman of progressivism. It may be well for progressivism to proclaim that it is a philosophy, but if it is a philosophy minus a program it will be and should be devoid of political poignancy. This is so obvious that if Senator Johnson is to remain a presidential candidate he will soon have

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to tell his fellow countrymen more of what he proposes to do after they elect him to the presidency. The discontent which he seeks to capitalize is associated with living grievances which demand some indication of specific remedies.

The specific remedies will not be easy to formulate. There is no progressive program at the present time which is capable of uniting as many of the discontented in its support as did the Progressive platform of 1912. Senator Johnson is reluctant to specify what progressivism means in relation to domestic policy for one very good reason. He is campaigning for support in all parts of the country, and he knows that a railroad, a taxation, an agrarian or a labor policy which would help his candidacy in some states would injure it in others. He is afraid to choose and to risk his candidacy on the success of his combination of choices. Yet insofar as he does not choose quickly and successfully, other progressive candidates in different parts of the country will by means of appeals to local grievances take delegates away from him. This brings us to the real question raised by his candidacy. Is he sufficiently able, enlightened and convinced to put together a platform which will dramatize and focus the prevailing discontent and qualify the progressivism of 1924 to be concrete, militant and specific without ceasing to be national in its appeal?

Revising the Taxes

SECRETARY MELLON'S letter proposing a reduction of $323,000,000 in taxes is so straightforward and full of so much common sense that it upsets completely the devious plans of our politicians. The taxpayer looks at the finance minister's revised schedule and sees that his income taxes are cut practically in half. This holds whether his income be four thousand dollars, ten thousand, or ten million. A protest against such a program dies as a gurgle in one's throat without ever coming to vocal utterance.

In the year which ended on June 30, 1923, the federal government had ordinary receipts of $4,007,000,000. Its ordinary expenditures were $3,295,000,000. This left a surplus of $712,000,000. With this surplus Secretary Mellon paid $614,000,000 of debts, and added $98,000,000 to the balance in the general fund of the Treasury. These are figures which any one can understand, and they speak well for Mr. Mellon's administration. During the twelve months which ended September 30, 1923, the results were even more favorable. The ordinary receipts of the government amounted to $4,102,000,000, and the disbursements to $3,250,000,000. Out of the surplus of $852,000,000 the Treasury cancelled $686,000,000 of debts and added $166,000,000 to the net balance in the Treasury.

During the present calendar year the collections of the Treasury will amount to almost exactly $4,100,000,000. Of this amount $3,400,000,000 will come from customs duties and taxes, as follows:

Customs	$ 600,000,000
Personal and corporate income taxes	1,800,000,000
Miscellaneous internal revenue taxes	1,000,000,000
Total taxes	$3,400,000,000

The remaining seven hundred million comes from miscellaneous receipts. Almost two hundred and fifty million of it will come from payments of principal and interest by foreign governments. More than seventy-five million will come from the sale of surplus property; and about one hundred million from estate taxes, or inheritance taxes, as they are popularly termed.

Of the income taxes collected this year, about eight hundred million will be paid by corporations and one billion by individuals. The receipts from every class of taxes enumerated above have been higher so far this fiscal year than they were in the corresponding period a year ago. If the present schedule of taxes and rates were left in force, the tax collections for the calendar year 1924 would be at least $3,600,000,000, and might well run several hundred million more than this. This, together with the miscellaneous receipts, would bring total receipts to $4,300,000,000. If the present tendency to reduce expenditures were continued, it would be possible to reduce the national debt by more than a billion dollars next year.

But Secretary Mellon knows that a revenue surplus of more than a billion dollars will not be allowed to go for debt cancellation. The desire of members of Congress to throw the ex-soldiers a political sop in the form of a bonus would call for an appropriation bill adequate to wipe out the surplus and more too. Secretary Mellon evidently believes that the Republican party has more to gain by avoiding the disastrous experience of 1892 than by distributing bonus lollypops at this time. For surely any bonus that has as yet been proposed, or any that is at all likely to be provided by Congress, can be considered as nothing more than a sop to the men who risked their lives in the trenches. It is an insult for those of us who remained at home to pretend that we are discharging our obligations to these men by paying them a few hundred dollars.

From the standpoint of broad financial statesmanship, Secretary Mellon's proposal to reduce the surplus by lowering taxes is a sound one. If Congress could be trusted to leave the surplus to be applied to the cancellation of our public debt, that would probably be the more desirable course. Our

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revenues are abundant and we are bearing the burden without great hardship. It would have been well, if the political situation had permitted, to apply a billion dollars or more to the cancellation of our debt during this period of prosperity.

The specific proposals for the reduction of taxes do not excite the same full measure of enthusiasm and admiration which Secretary Mellon's courage and political sense command. The taxes on telegrams, telephones and leased wires, on admissions and miscellaneous commodities, should as he says certainly be repealed. They were devised in the summer of 1918, when the war was expected to last another year. The object of these taxes was quite as much to discourage people from buying things which were not absolutely necessary or whose purchase could be postponed, as it was to raise revenue. The tax was intended as a reminder that the money being spent should have been put into Liberty Bonds or war savings stamps. Such taxes have been so productive, however, that they have been retained until this time. The tax on telegraph and telephone messages is particularly anomalous. The telegraph and the long distance telephone are means of communication, just as is the postal service, and compete with that service to some degree. The deficit of the Post Office Department last year amounted to almost thirty million dollars. The tax collected from those who use the telegraph and the long distance telephone is almost exactly equal to that deficit. The government is, therefore, collecting from those who use one means of communication a tax sufficient to cover the deficit which it incurs in rendering a competitive service. This is an utterly ridiculous and indefensible procedure, which should be abandoned.

But it seems to many persons that Mr. Mellon's proposal exhibits undue solicitude for corporate profits and other recipients of large incomes. Beginning with 1922 the corporations were relieved of the excess profits tax, which had amounted to $1,180,000,000 per annum on the average, during the five years 1917 to 1921 inclusive. Corporations will pay no excess profits tax on the large earnings they are enjoying in 1923. These earnings will amount to not far from eight billion dollars, and would, under the rates prevailing in 1920, have brought the government one billion dollars in excess profits taxes. The surtaxes were reduced for incomes earned in 1922 from a maximum of sixty-five percent to fifty percent. A further reduction to forty percent would appear to most people as liberal treatment.

Secretary Mellon's argument for the reduction of surtaxes is that the high rates on large incomes defeat the very end for which these rates are levied. The Treasury figures show that the number of persons reporting large incomes to the Treasury for tax purposes has declined steadily since 1916, as has the income which these people reported. The only exception was in the year 1919, when both the amount of income reported by persons with $300,000 and over and the surtax paid by them were larger than in the previous year; and indeed larger than they had ever been in any year. In 1920 and 1921 the number reporting incomes of this size declined seriously, as did the amount of income reported and the surtax paid. From this the Treasury concludes that the taxpayers have reduced their taxable income by "withdrawing their capital from productive business and investing it instead in tax exempt securities and adopting other lawful methods of avoiding the realization of taxable income."

This is an old argument and the Treasury has used it repeatedly until the press of the country has come to accept it as true. But the facts cited in Secretary Mellon's letter do not bear out the argument. The table on page six of that letter shows the decline in net income and the decline in dividend and interest received by persons who reported over $300,000 of net income. Anyone who compares these figures with the table in the Treasury Statistics of Income, 1919 and 1921, will discover that dividends and interest received in these respective years declined less than did income from other sources. It is evident, therefore, that the surtax has not driven people out of industrial investment. The whole statistical presentation to support this contention that the high surtaxes have driven people to tax exempt securities is utterly inadequate in this letter, as it has been in every previous attempt of the Treasury to establish that proposition. If Secretary Mellon wants to discover the exact extent to which the qualitative nature of the incomes of rich people has changed he can do so by bringing the analysis of the 1,240 incomes published in the 1919 statistics down to date.

The Statistics of Income for 1921, published only a month ago, shows the kinds of property which went to make up the estates of 12,203 people whose estates were filed during the year 1922. These decedents owned property amounting to $2,879,000,000. Of this property only $103,000,000 consisted of wholly tax exempt bonds; and $117,000,000 of partially tax exempt bonds. Less than eight percent, therefore, of the estates of these persons was invested in tax exempt securities. There were ten persons who had estates of ten million dollars or over, whose total property amounted to $292,000,000. They held bonds which were wholly tax exempt amounting to $18,000,000, and bonds partially tax exempt amounting $6,300,000. The total of their exempt bonds was, therefore, less than eight and one half percent of their gross estate. Capital stock of corporations formed forty-seven percent of their estates. What we need here is the same kind of straightforwardness in the analysis which characterizes the remainder of Secretary Mellon's letter. The pub-

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lic would like the facts in this matter. So far it has not had any which are adequate for the formulation of an intelligent judgment.

The remarks in this letter which imply that the high surtax rates have destroyed individual initiative and enterprise and have led taxpayers to withdraw their capital from productive business must be taken with a grain of salt at the high tide of prosperity which has characterized the year 1923. Consequently it is hardly to be expected that "the encouragement which the changes will give to productive business" will soon replace the revenues which are lost by the reduction of rates. Our personal income taxes fell in 1921 because it was a year of serious depression. They will be high in 1923 because it is a year of industrial activity and large profits.

Quite naturally the letter omits all discussion of the excess profits tax. The Secretary of the Treasury may avoid that discussion, but surely Congress will not, if the question of tax revision is opened at all. The facts made available through the administration of the excess profits tax from 1917 to 1921 have revived the discussion of taxes upon differentials. No one can examine the statistics of corporate profits during those five years without realizing how widely profits in industry vary from establishment to establishment and from industry to industry within the same year. The old argument that the excess profits tax raises prices has been shown to be fallacious on logical grounds; and the course of prices within the last three years makes the contention utterly ridiculous. If Congress and the present administration wish to bring the prices of the things the farmer buys more nearly into balance with the things which he sells, let them make a sweeping reduction in the tariff; and replace the revenues thus lost by a simple excess profits tax of twenty-five percent on profits in excess of eight percent on invested capital. That would be a real stroke of financial statesmanship.

The Restoration of the Lawyer

THE annual meeting of the American Bar Association in 1922 at San Francisco was signalized by the report of a Committee on Promotion of American Ideals. Readers will remember that the report took a gloomy view of the prospect of these ideals. Without recalling exact details, they will realize that the committee issued a clarion call to the Bar of the country to take up and continue the great work that appears to have been dropped from the relaxed fingers of Ole Hansen.

The good work was continued at this year's meeting of the Bar Association at Minneapolis in the report of the Committee on American Citizenship. This committee also views with alarm the state of the country; it is filled with forebodings, trepidations, fears. It has looked under the bed and found there the ominous form of the Red bent upon destroying American institutions. And, alas, this nefarious undertaking is not wholly an "outside job." There are accomplices within the household. For (tread lightly and speak with hushed voice) "members of the United States Senate and others high in authority attack the Supreme Court of the United States and demand a radical change" in government.

None of the well-known phrases is absent, although some of them show signs of overwork and nervous fatigue from previous propaganda campaigns, "inroads," "threatened changes," "gross indifference," "insidiousness," "dangerous tendencies," "dangerous elements," "ignorance of the great mass of our people of the fundamental yet simple principles of our Constitutional form of government," are with us, as well as those more cheerful brethren, "our heritage of free government"—but not of course *too* free—"sacred trust," "principles and ideals of our government," "written constitution as established by our fathers," "long established institutions" and of course "the blessings of liberty." The million and a half radicals are marched across the stage with their shadowy background of five million readers of four hundred Red newspapers. Is it any wonder that the committee admits that it is "amazed and disheartened," and openly and courageously asserts that it is time for the members of the Bar to bestir themselves?

And bestir it is. Incredible as it may seem, (except perhaps to those who look at the statistics of the occupations of the members of our state legislatures and national congress even at the present time) "time was when the lawyer was looked upon and actually functioned in his community as a civic leader" (the grammatical construction is that of the stylist who drew the report). The condition which has been viewed with proper alarm "calls loudly for the restoration of the American lawyer to his former status as a civic leader," in order, we take it, that this country may again live under what has been called "a government of lawyers, not men."

The Restored Lawyer is an appealing theme. It suggests an inquiry somewhat different from that in which this particular committee was engaged. How much is his fall from his once high estate due to his identification with corporations and other big business interests in circumventing the spirit of legislative enactments intended to secure some degree of actual economic freedom to the ordinary man? How does it happen that the deplorable state of administration of criminal law has come about? A state of affairs about which reputable lawyers—Chief Justice Taft and others—have employed stronger language than

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any layman would venture upon. If lawyers have not been able to keep clean this house which is so directly under their keeping, what is the prospect of their success in constituting themselves the special guardians, if not monopolists, of civic leadership? The more one reflects upon the theme of the Restoration of the Lawyer, the more fruitful fields of inquiry open out. The neglect of the committee to enter any of these fields of thought and inquiry is "amazing and disheartening."

The committee has adopted what it calls a Shibboleth, what the man in the street might call a slogan with which to "sell" certain goods, and what the judicious might call a fetich. It is "to reestablish the Constitution of the United States and the principles and ideals of our government in the minds and hearts of the people." A worthy object; to a naïve and innocent mind and heart it suggests a denunciation of the violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution guaranteeing freedom of speech, and an urgent demand from the Bar Association to release prisoners from federal penitentiaries whose guilt consists in having taken the Constitution at its word. It suggests an inquiry as to how the Fourteenth Amendment was perverted from its intent of protection of the freedom of individuals into a bulwark of corporation immunities and privileges. It suggests a ringing call to the Bar to rally to the support of that part of our holy heritage and sacred trust found in the Nineteenth Amendment. These expectations are not realized. The cause is not hard to discover. To the committee any amendment and disposition to amend is obviously part of an insidious, dangerous and subversive tendency to question the all-embracing, absolute and final wisdom of the Fathers. We are afraid that their own devotion to the Constitution is not one-hundred percent pure. It fails to attach to itself that clause of the Constitution which provides for its own change.

The nearest the committee comes to stating, other than by the implications of its attack upon liberal political aspirations, what it means by the reëstablishment of the Constitution is found in this passage: "This is a government by the people, with self-imposed limitations based upon a recognition of inalienable individual rights." The phrase throws much light upon the notion that the Constitution has to be reëstablished. There was a long period in which the courts almost unanimously construed all legislation in terms of certain natural and inalienable rights of individuals to property and liberty of contract, and hence declared unconstitutional all "social" legislation. For twenty years before the late war there were obvious signs of the willingness of some courts to yield to the will of the people when it was expressed in legislation in behalf of the general social good, even though it involved putting restrictions on the activities of corporations. The Restoration of the Lawyer and Reëstablishment of the Constitution obviously signify, to the mind and heart of the committee, a return to our earlier legal individualism.

Upon its surface the report of the committee is ludicrous or pathetic, as one takes it. But it cannot be so readily disposed of. For it is accompanied by a definite plan of propaganda, aimed primarily at the control of what the report, doubtless ironically, calls our *free* schools. The first step is the passage of laws by state legislatures making the teaching of the Constitution compulsory in the public schools. Just what this is intended to amount to in practice is made clear by the recommendation that all local bar associations organize their own committees to see to it that there is "unity of policy and action" all over the country. But this means *"direct contact will be made with all our schools and colleges."* By the supervision and censorship contemplated in this direct contact the reactionary legal and social philosophy of this committee of the Bar Association is to be identified with loyalty of teachers to the Constitution, and the schools are to be prostituted to the inculcation of this philosophy.

It is easier to write such a program in a committee report than to carry out in action. Local communities are not likely to respond with wholehearted enthusiasm to the Restoration of the Lawyer to Civic Leadership, when it is found to mean the commitment of the public schools to a particular social and political philosophy of government and good citizenship. We cannot emulate the committee in its alarm and foreboding, although we fully realize how subversive of our heritage of liberty their plan would be if it were carried into effect. But nevertheless the publication of the plan is a warning. Lawyers are not the only ones who should bestir themselves. And it would be most heartening, if also somewhat amazing, if responsible and intelligent members of the Bar Association would begin by disowning such reports or at least taking steps to prevent their appearance in the future.

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The Work of the Friends

DURING the period in which the rulers of the civilized world elected to accomplish by war the high purposes which animated them all, the position of the Friends was one of extreme embarrassment. They did not yield to any other sect in love of country. They did not disclaim their share of responsibility for the tragedy in which all peoples were involved. Least of all did they desire to adopt a merely negative or obstructionist attitude. They felt keenly their inability to share the emotion which animated their fellow-countrymen, and which for a moment seemed actually capable of being translated into the victory for humanity which would justify the war. And yet "they were inwardly pledged to a way of life, which, if extended through the world, would eliminate the seeds of war. . . . They could not of a sudden change the faith of a life-time and substitute the methods of war for the slower forces of love and coöperation." The war was a challenge to this faith.

It was in response both to a call from without and an urge from within that the American Friends Service Committee was formed, April 30, 1917, "to assist all Friends in America in making an adequate contribution to the needs of the hour," and to fulfill "the present mission that is ours in expressing in a world so sadly bent upon destruction, the constructive Gospel of Goodwill." It is one heartening fact that the Friends have been able to make of their position, so exposed to assault both by government and public opinion as to promise little beyond mere survival, a strategic base for the operation of those forces which represent the only constructive element in the world today. Their work is one unflawed and entirely inspiring product of these troubled years. In a war which it is now a commonplace to say that none of the combatants won, the victory remains with the peace makers.

The Friends are among the smallest of Christian denominations, only 150,000 of them in the world. Of these the English Friends number 20,000; the American Friends perhaps five times as many. In the first year of the World War the American Friends supported their English brethren in their War Victims Relief Committee, and sent volunteers to their ambulance unit. When the United States entered the war this coöperation assumed larger proportions, though it is with a smile that one reads in Bulletin Number One of the American Friends Service Committee that "the work already undertaken at home and abroad will require a monthly budget of $20,000." This work as outlined in the bulletin of June 15, 1917, anticipated support in connection with the English friends of reconstruction work in France, Russia and Serbia. Naturally the work in France assumed first importance. The modest personnel of seven workers in June, 1917, had grown to 605 by June, 1919. The total budget of the American Friends had expanded from $511,542.21 in 1917-18, to $3,178,015.48 in 1919-20.

The end of the war opened to the Friends a larger field. The populations of the enemy countries had suffered, on the whole, far more during the war than those of the allied and associated nations, and the atrocious policy of starvation enforced by the blockade until the spring of 1919, prolonged this suffering. To the sense of responsibility for this needless aggravation of the misery of the enemy peoples was added the sense of opportunity to give practical form to that good will toward them of which they had been so repeatedly assured by Mr. Wilson. In May, 1919, the Friends began relief work in Austria, and by July the number of persons fed at their stations had reached 632,300. In July, 1919, Miss Jane Addams, Doctor Alice Hamilton and Miss Carolena Wood visited Germany and Austria on behalf of the Friends, and issued their memorable report. They found 70 percent of German children, a total of 10,000,000, undernourished. In February, 1920, Mr. Hoover addressed a special communication to the Friends, asking for their assistance in feeding the people of Central Europe, and for this purpose turned over to them certain funds of the American Relief Administration. The Amerikanische Kinderhelfsmission was opened in Berlin in January, 1920, and by July 5, the total number of stations was 3,392, and the number of children fed, 632,000. The German government itself supplied flour and sugar to the amount of between five and six million dollars, paid costs of insurance and transportation, and furnished subordinate workers. On July 31, 1922, in accordance with their fixed policy of withdrawing from a country when its own resources seem sufficient, the Friends turned over their establishments for the feeding of children in Germany to the German Central Committee.

The work of the Friends in Russia during 1921-22 is fresh in all minds. At the present time the feeding of children in the institutions of Russia continues and programs for the rehabilitation of agriculture and for medical relief are being carried forward. In Austria, a three year campaign against tuberculosis is being waged. In Poland, the effort of the Friends is directed toward rebuilding in the devastated regions. But the chief undertaking before the American Friends is the resumption of relief in Germany, control of which has been transferred back to them from the German Central Committee in consequence of a new and desperate phase of the situation in that country. The scope of this undertaking may be realized when it is

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considered that during the last summer some 500,000 children were fed each day one meal of 500 calories at a cost per meal of two cents. For this there were operated 1,700 kitchens, 2,500 feeding stations and 300 warehouses. About 20,000 helpers, mostly volunteers, were employed in the preparation and distribution of food. With the resumption of control by the Friends, however, it is found that 2,000,000 children are already designated by physicians as in immediate need of food. In the report of Mr. W. K. Thomas, Executive Secretary of the Service Committee, occur the fateful words "Food must be supplied at once if their lives are to be saved." The winter feeding period from November 5 to April 16, includes 141 feeding days, and at the rate of $.0194 for each meal, one meal a day, the total sum needed is $5,489,320. But it must be remembered that this estimate is made in the face of a need which grows by leaps and bounds. Mr. Arthur Fisher, in the New York Evening Post for November 13 refers to a survey by the experts of the United States Departments of Agriculture and Commerce, in coöperation with German and foreign relief agencies, which puts the number of persons dependent upon charity at 9,000,000. Since this survey was made the continuing breakdown of the central government places the entire industrial population of 30,000,000 in jeopardy. In view of these figures Mr. Thomas's statement seems a modest one:

> We believe it will be necessary to raise at least $10,000,000 in the United States. This must be regarded as a minimum amount for it may be necessary to increase that figure by many millions of dollars. Adults as well as children may have to be fed before this winter, which promises to be the worst in Germany's history, has passed.

The German government proposes to continue to supply a large part of the food stuffs, but with the resources of that government uncertain, and its very existence in doubt, it is clear that the Friends have assumed the heaviest responsibility in their history. In carrying it out they have the assistance of an All American Committee, headed by Major General Henry T. Allen and including Messrs. Bernard M. Baruch, Paul D. Cravath, Charles W. Eliot, Miss Jane Addams and Miss Julia C. Lathrop. They should have the support and approval of all Americans.

For the case of Germany is without precedent among nations. De Quincey's description of the horrors of the Flight of a Tartar Tribe comes to mind as the nearest parallel. The Tartars, men, women and children, were driven across Asia by pursuing cavalry, but at least they had the relief that comes from physical flight. The Germans are tortured by the more complicated processes of civilization, and they must stand still in their places and watch the weaker among them, especially the children, already dwarfed and stunted by years of undernourishment, at last die. The fact indicated by mortality tables that Germany has been able by scientific methods to keep so large a part of its younger children alive to this point, only concentrates the agony and accumulates the horror.

There can be no doubt as to the actual shortage of food in Germany. The consumption has fallen to seventy-three percent of prewar figures. Even before the war Germany was obliged to import food, paying for it with the manufactured products which came from, or depended upon, the Ruhr and Upper Silesia. With these industrial provinces cut off it is difficult to see how Germany herself can finance this importation. The New York Times talks about there being enough food in Germany to last until next April, and implies that it is the fault of the Germans themselves that they do not distribute this food evenly and keep the people alive until then—as if the system of private property could be expected suddenly to change its nature, and private capital to turn communist. Even the system of control by rationing established during the war is beyond the strength of the present German government to enforce. A dictatorship might accomplish it, but a dictatorship either of the monarchists or the communists is forbidden by the Allies. The Germans have the form of government which the victorious nations prescribed for them, and which those nations have done everything possible to weaken and discredit. The failure of the German Republic in this crisis is attributable to the policy of the victors, and the responsibility for the death of the people rests upon them.

Only secondary to the actual material relief extended must be placed the value of the spiritual service of these Friends of Humanity at the crisis of a situation which affects the entire world. The Friends have not lost faith in constructive good will as a means of international healing. Since the invasion of the Ruhr they have had workers in that region, helping the German direction of child-feeding and visiting victims of the occupation in prison. It is encouraging to be able to record that they found the coöperation of the French authorities excellent. They had no difficulty in securing passes. When they reported unbelievable mismanagement in prisons, as for example the case of 127 persons confined in one room without toilet facilities, General Degoutte himself took their findings at face value, and sent orders to mitigate conditions. The Friends propose to work even through the medium of the Ruhr invasion to bring French and Germans together, to take the ground, even in that exacerbated situation, that political and social differences must not be allowed to develop an enmity which is fatal to the human race.

If they can confront that problem with equanimity they may feel something like optimism in re-

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gard to the task of bringing the people of the United States back to their old mind toward the people of Germany. In 1920 Professor Rufus Jones wrote of "the strong and deep-seated prejudice in the public mind against doing anything to relieve suffering in Germany, even to save the lives of children." Never was national hatred more needlessly aroused or more wantonly maintained. It is the mission of the Friends to war against this hate, to bring us to the mind in which we will throw the mantle of charity over the sins of the Germans. Let it be broad enough to cover our own sins toward them. We cannot make good our failure to enforce the specific terms on which Germany surrendered in November, 1918. We dare not address to our former associates the mildest remonstrance against their continuation of the war in order that Germany may be dismembered and destroyed. The least thing that we can do is in the utmost measure to make good General Allen's words: "America has never made war upon children." ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Sir John Harington

AN old miniature shows a young man's face, whimsically Elizabethan, with tossed-back curly hair, a tip-tilted nose, a tiny point of a beard, and a long single earring, falling in sparkling drops over a ruff of magnificent proportions. Such was John Harington, as he appeared in the happy fifteen-eighties, at Greenwich, or at Nonesuch—a courtier, a wit, a scholar, a poet, and a great favorite with the ladies. Even Gloriana herself usually unbent when he approached her. She liked the foolish fellow. She had known him since he was a child; he was her godson—almost, indeed, a family connection, for his father's first wife had been a natural daughter of her own indefatigable sire. Through this lady the young man had inherited his fine Italian house at Kelston, in Somersetshire, where, one day, Elizabeth, on her way to Bath, paid him the honor of an extremely expensive visit. He had felt himself obliged to rebuild half the house to lodge his great guest fittingly; but he cared little for that—he wrote a rhyming epigram about it all, which amused the ladies of the bedchamber. He wrote, he found, with extraordinary ease and pleasure; the words came positively running off the end of his pen; and so—to amuse the ladies again, or to tease them—he translated the twenty-eighth book of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, in which the far from decorous history of the fair Fiametta is told. The Queen soon got wind of this. She read the manuscript and sent for the poet. She was shocked, she said, by this attempt to demoralize her household; and she banished the offender from Court until—could there be a more proper punishment?—he should have completed the translation of the whole poem. Harington hurried off to Kelston, worked away for a month or two, and returned with a fine folio containing the entire Orlando in English, together with notes, a life of Ariosto, "a general allegory of the whole," an "apologie of Poetrie," an "epistle dedicatorie to the Queenes Majestie," and an engraved title-page with the portrait of himself and his dog Bungay. The book was printed in 1591. The exquisite elegance and mature serenity of the original is nowhere to be found in it; but Harington himself, bringing with him the natural abundance, the charming ingenuousness, the early morning freshness of his wonderful generation, comes to us delightfully on every page.

The translation was well received, and the gay young man looked about for new worlds to conquer. Not to be talked of was his only fear. A curious notion struck him. His nose was sensitive as well as impudent, and he had been made to suffer agonies by the sanitary arrangements in the houses of the great. Suddenly inspired, he invented the water-closet. Then, seizing his pen, he concocted a pamphlet after the manner of Rabelais—or, as he preferred to call him, "the reverent Rabbles"—in which extravagent spirits, intolerable puns, improper stories, and sly satirical digs at eminent personages were blended together into a preposterous rhapsody, followed by an appendix—written, of course, by his servant—could a gentleman be expected to discuss such details?—containing a minute account, with measurements, diagrams, and prices, of the new invention. The Metamorphosis of Ajax—for so the book, with a crowningly deplorable pun, was entitled—created some sensation. Queen Elizabeth was amused. But then some malicious courtier told her that one of the satirical digs was aimed at the memory of Leicester, whereupon her smiles changed to frowns, the Star Chamber was talked of, and Harington made a strategic retreat to Somersetshire. "The merry poet, my godson," the Queen declared, "must not come to Greenwich, till he hath grown sober and leaveth the ladies' sports and frolics." But before very long she relented. With her supreme sense of the practical, she saw that, as she put it, "the marrow of the book" was not entirely ludicrous; she sent down word to the poet that she approved of his invention; and eventually she set the fashion for the new contrivances by installing one of them in Richmond Palace, with a copy of the Ajax hanging from the wall.

Harington's next adventure was more serious. He was summoned by Essex to join his ill-fated expedition to Ireland, in command of a troop of horse. In Ireland, with a stretch of authority

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which was bitterly resented by the Queen, Harington was knighted by the rash Lord Deputy, and afterwards, when disaster came thick upon disaster, he accompanied his leader back to London, and was present at the famous interview between the enraged Elizabeth and her favorite. When she had vented her fury on the Earl, the Queen turned upon Harington. "What!" she cried, "did the fool bring you too?" The trembling poet fell upon his knees, while the Queen, as he afterwards described it, "chafed much, walked fastly to and fro, and looked with discomposure in her visage." Then, suddenly rushing towards him, she caught hold of his girdle. "By God's Son," she shouted, "I am no Queen, and that man is above me!" His stammering excuses were cut short with a "Go back to your business!" uttered in such a tone that Sir John, not staying to be bidden twice, fled out of the room, and fled down to Kelston, "as if all the Irish rebels had been at his heels."

It is clear that poor Harington never quite recovered from the shock of that terrific scene. The remainder of his life passed in ineffectiveness and disillusionment. In the bosom of his family he did his best to forget the storms and shipwrecks of "the Essex coast;" he wrote incessantly; he cracked scandalous jokes with his mother-in-law, old Lady Rogers; he busied himself over the construction of a curious lantern for King James of Scotland. But his happy vein had deserted him. His "Discourse shewing that Elyas must personally come before the Day of Judgment" could never get finished, and he threw aside his Treatise on Playe as a failure. His epigrams, no doubt, were more successful; he scribbled them down on every possible occasion, and the most scurrilous he invariably dispatched to old Lady Rogers. She roared with laughter, but omitted to leave him a legacy. He dashed into her house as she was dying, broke open the chests, tried to get possession of everything, and was at last ignominiously ejected by his brother-in-law. King James was equally disappointing. Even the curious lantern, even a learned, elaborate and fantastic dissertation On the Succession to the Crown, failed to win him. After he had been a year in London, the new King granted Sir John an interview, but, though his Majesty was polite, he was not impressed. "Sir John," he said, with much gravity, "do you truly understand why the Devil works more with ancient women than others?" And, unluckily, on that, Sir John "could not refrain from a scurvy jest." Nevertheless, though he felt that he had made no headway, he would not despair; a little later, the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland and the Archbishopric of Dublin fell vacant, and the author of Ajax bravely requested that he should be appointed to both offices. Oddly enough, his application received no answer. He solaced himself with an endeavor to win the good graces of the young Prince Henry, to whom he addressed a discourse, full of pleasant anecdotes, concerning all the bishops of his acquaintance, followed by a letter describing "the good deedes and straunge feats" of his "rare Dogge," Bungay—how he used to carry messages from London to Kelston, and how, on one occasion, he took a pheasant from a dish at the Spanish Ambassador's table, and then returned it to the very same dish, at a secret sign from his master.

But in truth the days of Bungay were over, and the new times were uncomfortable and strange. "I ne'er did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety." There had been jollities and junketings, no doubt, in his youth, but surely, they were different. He remembered the "heroicall dames," the "stately heroyns" whom he had celebrated aforetime—

> These entertayn great Princes; these have learned
> The tongues, toys, tricks of Rome, of Spayn, of Fraunce;
> These can correntos and lavoltas daunce,
> And though they foote it false 'tis ne'er discerned.

More and more his thoughts reverted to his old mistress. "When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that everyone did choose to bask in, if they could; but anon came a storm from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell in wondrous manner on all alike." Yes? Those were great times indeed! And now . . . he was "olde and infirme;" he was forty-five; he must seek a quiet harbor and lay up his barque. He lingered at Kelston, impoverished, racked by various diseases; he vainly took the Bath waters; he became "stricken of a dead palsy;" until, in 1612, at the age of fifty-one, he passed into oblivion. And in oblivion he has remained. Nobody reads his Orlando; his letters are known to none but a few learned historians; his little books of epigrams lie concealed in the grim recesses of vast libraries; and Englishmen today, reflecting on many things, as they enjoy the benefits of a sanitary system unknown to the less fortunate inhabitants of other countries, give never a thought to Sir John Harington.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Eleventh Month

Now the time when winds may swoon
Before the stillness of the sun;
Early day in the afternoon
The day grows dusky and is done.

Now the time when sharp hills fold
In space to lie forgotten there,
And slowly moving swords of cold
Split the heaviness of air.

If there is sound it is a sound
Made out of hush and shade; with these
It settles thickly to the ground
Like fog about the trunks of trees.

HAZEL HALL.

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The Artistic Temperament

EVERY one has his own notion of what the artistic temperament is. It is a divine irresponsibility, in the eyes of the flapper and the writer of gushy reviews. In the eyes of the poet it is a bewilderment of flashing colors, a wild symphony of delicious harmonies and agonizing discords. It is lechery, roars the graybearded moralist, and the multitude of unco guid folk prick up their ears and moisten their dry lips. It is hell, groans the despairing manager, and the artist's investment in husband or wife echoes the groan. Whatever it really is, we all join in the opinion that the artistic temperament is unique, and has some very direct relation to creative activity.

The convention of an artistic temperament, strange as it may seem, has been known only to recent generations. The writers of Greece and Rome, though keen observers of manners and morals, never, so far as I can ascertain, isolated any temperament as peculiar to the artist. There were, to be sure, sibyls and priestesses who brought forth hexameters in the madness, real or feigned, of "enthusiasm"—the infusion into their souls of the personality of the god. But the lay poets and painters and sculptors never thought of borrowing the sibyl's license. There are no anecdotes illustrating the moods and paroxysms of Aeschylus, Sophocles or Euripides. If Phidias and Apelles, in the intervals of their creative work, threw the furniture out of the window or chased their children around with mallet or paint pot, they must have done it very quietly. In the Roman theatre the audience was often temperamental. It would leave in a body if somebody shouted that a good fight was going on around the corner, or the plebeians would yell for the substitution of a boxing match for the third act which was drawing the applause of the patricians. The actors never had tantrums. They were grave, solid fellows, if we may trust to Cicero's testimony. The nearest we come to the artistic temperament in classical antiquity is in one of the Satires of Horace. He had ventured the remark that good poetry cannot be nourished by cold water. All the young versifiers in the city thereupon proceeded to drink themselves to death. They were trying to produce temperament, however, not to express it.

I am not arguing that the artistic temperament is only a pose, more or less conscious. There is, I am convinced, a good, solid kernel of reality in it, however deeply husked in the exaggerations of a convention. The painter, the sculptor, the actor go through experiences in the practice of their arts that leave a psychological residue that must somehow be worked off in their periods of ease. I have before me a water color landscape by a famous French artist. Great spaces of buff, with a few wavering lines that make it into plain and hill, ravine and rocky cliff. A few patches of something like cross hatching give you forests of balsam and pine; your nostrils expand to the resinous odor. A succession of arches sets you on a dusty road that leads from Italy to Germany, from ancient Rome to the next century. On these two square feet the artist has created a whole canton, with its present life, its history and the coming time. If you or I had seen this plain and hill, we should have had a fleeting sense of pleasure and then we should have turned to our Baedekers. We haven't the artist's eye, you say. But eyes are eyes. Every detail that impressed itself upon the eye of Cézanne was mirrored in our eyes too. But Cézanne's attention sprang upon the significant, like a lion upon its prey. I do not know what further processes went on in his mind, how the struggle between the crude vision and the picture was fought out to victory. Probably the artist himself did not know. The processes worked themselves through too swiftly for observation. But I am sure that the consumption of nervous energy must have been immense. The artist's whole will was concentrated on the task, whether he was conscious of the fact or not. There was no place in this work for whim or parade of personality. A touch of these would have ruined the picture. The same is true of all good art. Inevitability is its very essence. Not my will but thine, every artist fervently prays to his art.

Art ruthlessly excludes the "artistic temperament." While he is practising his art, the poet or painter is in chains. He is trussed up to the law of his work. It is not surprising that when at length the completion of the work unbinds him, he should kick up his heels and gallop in mad circles. Ordinary folk like ourselves may wreak our personalities upon our ordinary work. We may dance a jig in our editorials, our briefs, our columns of cash accounts. It matters little. That is why we go sure-footedly when turned into the pasture.

The "artistic temperament" where it is not an affectation, is a wild flight from the super-human concentration of creative activity. But is the artist alone subject to this rigorous rule of concentration? Take the general, laying out the plan of campaign upon which his country's safety may depend. Is he not equally bound by the laws of his work? Can he indulge in whim or personal parade? No more than the artist. Why, then, when the work is done, does he not go on the loose? The answer is, he does. Observe Wood, governing the Philippines. Listen to Pershing expounding his views of politics. Look at Ludendorff, diving blunderingly from the pier before the full tide of revolt has come in, and all but breaking his thick

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neck. What we have here is the artistic temperament seeking expression without an appropriate convention. If military men could all swear like Goethals, or throw china and furniture out of the window the world would be safer for generals.

Now you are prepared to confront me with an apparent exception to the rule I am trying to establish—the man of science. Does any one work with greater concentration than he? And does any one carry himself in his hours of ease more judiciously and sedately? Where is his temperamental reaction to the rigors of his creative labor?

The scientist himself is not conscious of any such reaction. This fact, however, need not trouble us. Until the convention of the artistic temperament was well established the poets regarded themselves as possessed of an inspiration that was valid anywhere. The greatest poet of Rome felt that his judgment on grafting and stockbreeding, on manures and irrigation, was worth perpetuating in deathless hexameters. The next greatest poet plunged heroically into physics and metaphysics. In the face of universal laughter there are still poets who pretend to universal inspiration—witness Zangwill in the rôle of political oracle. The generals have not learned even yet what misfits they are in politics.. If the scientist sets himself up as an expert on life in general, we need not be astonished. But we must ask ourselves whether those generalized judgments of his are anything, after all, but the exhibition of an artistic temperament which has not found its proper means of expression in broken crockery and shattered lives.

What about the famous roundrobin of the German scientists, exculpating Germany from the guilt of bringing on the war? We were taught by the Allied propaganda to regard it as evidence of Teutonic untruthfulness. Was it really that, or was it rather only a manifestation of "temperament?" We have had many similar manifestations on the part of our own scientists. We know they are not liars. Temperament is the only valid, as it is the only polite explanation.

It is only one more myth that a "scientific habit of mind" can be produced in, say, chemistry, and transferred intact to politics or ethics or history. True, the chemist has been trained to go straight to the facts and follow the evidence wherever it may lead. But so has the artist been trained to see the thing as it is, in its true proportions. It is desperate and exhausting work to live according to either rule, and neither scientist nor artist will do it, outside of his own confines. Liberty is sweet to one who has been in chains. Inevitably he will use it and abuse it. Grant him the convention of the artistic temperament and he will refrain from cutting up valuable sod in his galloping and pirouetting. Deny him this convention and there is no limit to the mischief he may do, to himself and to the world.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

What British Labor Wants

THE present intellectual position of the British Labor movement has a certain irony. The old distinction between the trade union and the socialist wings has, for practical purposes, ceased to be of importance. "Socialism" is not merely the official aim of the party, but probably also the political creed of a majority of the individuals composing it. And just when the word has come to command general acceptance, its content has been changing with a rapidity so bewildering as to make the recent debate in the House of Commons, when hoary arguments concerning private enterprise, free competition and collective ownership were marshalled like obsolete cavalry at impossible manoeuvres, seem like a voice from the eighteen-nineties. Recent movements have distended traditional generalities till they seem almost on the point of bursting. In a world where proletarians, white, black and yellow, appear to contend with not less ferocity than their masters, what is the significance of the message, "Workers of all lands unite"? Amid the economic actualities of today is "the nationalization of the means of production, distribution and exchange" an adequate program?

Every party has, of course, its own short-hand: comprehensive and ambiguous formulae are as much in vogue among Conservatives and Liberals as in the ranks of Labor, and the common argument "either you will socialize everything, which is absurd, or you will not, in which case you are not socialists," is fit only for the press which uses it. Political nomenclature indicates a direction, not a system, and serious discussion begins where these black and white antitheses end. The danger, which the writers of this book* evidently feel, that the Labor party, like others, may be parasitic on the intellectual efforts of a past generation is not negligible.

What made possible the Liberal triumphs after 1832 was the work of Bentham. What has more than anything else made possible that of the Labor movement is the work of the Webbs. The futility of liberalism when it ceased to think (which it did shortly after the death of John Stuart Mill) is an awful warning. Unless the Labor movement makes the intellectual effort needed to reinterpret

* The Labour Party's Aim: A Criticism and a Restatement, by Seven Members of the Labour Party. London: George Allen and Unwin. 1s 6d.

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its general conceptions in terms of definite but constantly changing situations, it will live on formulae which mean everything in general and therefore nothing in particular, will be as timid in action as it is bold in phraseology, and will harass capitalism instead of building up socialism. The object of the members of the Labor party who are responsible for this book is to avert that catastrophe.

They begin, as is fitting, with the international problem, for it is obviously in the dominance of domestic by international issues that the setting of the socialists' problem has, in the last decade, changed most. In this connection the conventional criticism of the British Labor movement, that it is indifferent to international questions, precisely reverses that which ought to be made on it. The truth is that it is keenly interested in them, but where considerable sections of it have been apt to go astray is in being too ready to take over part of the Liberal tradition instead of thinking out a distinctive contribution to a reasonable international policy.

The socialist conception of international relations, as set out by the authors of this book, differs from the traditional ideas in three important respects. First, it is not passive, but active, and involves not merely the abstention from war and from oppression, but "a living process of coöperation . . . a series of acts or policy for the creation and development of order and liberty in the contact of peoples." Second, it is largely economic and involves an attempt to handle the common daily intercourse of the world which is, in fact, international, through international or supernational organs. For it is in this intercourse that the materials for war are prepared, and the popular picture of the world before 1914 as an Elysium of pacific business men whose beneficent activities were suddenly suspended through the irruption of politicians and soldiers is a piece of dangerously romantic mysticism. Third, it involves a definite contraction of the area of state sovereignty. The plain fact without a doubt is, that owing to changes in the economic organization of the world, a considerable number of matters which half a century ago used not unnaturally to be treated as exclusively a matter for individual states can today be handled sensibly only if they are handled in coöperation.

The discussion of the domestic policy of a Labor government travels over more familiar ground, and, precisely because it is so familiar, the ground is treacherous. It is easy to draw an indictment of "capitalism," but it is hardly worth while, for few instructed people regard capitalism now with any enthusiasm. The traditional socialist formula that "the means of production should be vested in the community" is, on the other hand, altogether too simple. What we are faced with then in the industrial system of today is the exercise by owners of property of a complex of different rights which together confer upon them a degree of power over the lives of their fellow citizens which few persons are fit to exercise.

What is required is not simply to transfer identical rights en bloc to "the State" (whatever the State in that connection may mean), but first to disentangle those which can properly be entrusted to private persons from those which cannot, and secondly to determine the nature of the administrative authority by which rights reserved for the community are to be exercised. Hence socialization is essentially a matter of degree. The general principle, as the authors point out in an apt phrase, is that "the rule of owners must be a constitutional monarchy and not an autocracy," which means that rights of ownership must be regarded as conditional on the discharge of definite obligations and liable to resumption in case of non-fulfillment. But, subject to that general principle, the possible arrangements under which the powers necessary to the conduct of industry are exercised are obviously extremely numerous, and are not in the least likely to be identical throughout the whole range of economic activity. The picture of an irreconcilable antithesis between "private ownership" and "socialism" is, in fact, out of date. The only question which is worth discussing is how much private ownership, and how much socialism.

It is so much easier to enforce restrictions than to encourage initiative that the authors of The Labour Party's Aim are probably right in emphasizing that the crucial test of a Labor government will be its ability to resist the temptation merely to remedy particular grievances by conceding additional instalments of protection to the workers against the oppression of the capitalist, and to strike out boldly into the development of communal enterprises. The two things must, of course, go hand in hand: one cannot neglect the appalling misery created, for example, by unemployment or the exploitation of adolescent labor today. But the vital task is to create a working model of a socialist organization in one or two great industries, and a Labor government would be better advised to attempt that, even if it meant being turned out of office almost at once, than merely to continue a little more rapidly reforms which now are accepted in theory by other parties—however half-hearted they may be in applying them in practice.

R. H. TAWNEY.

Pods in Autumn

And so there is nothing left. Let the hickory nuts
  Fall to the ditches and the pods brittle and break,
And tansy sharpen like India tamarind,—
  Never the ghost of you shall go by this lake.

Never a thin ghost by the dark of these fences,
  For me to peer at, clutch at and let go;
This ground is indurate. Did we together
  Walk this way? If so, how long ago?

HAROLD VINAL.

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The Collapse of the Fishing Industry

IT would be difficult to find a more pertinent illustration of the diseases of a senile capitalism than is afforded in the present condition of the fishing industry of the Atlantic coast. Fishermen, vessel-owners, captains and dealers concur in pronouncing the industry bankrupt. Time was when Gloucester was hailed as the queen of fishing harbors. More than four hundred vessels claimed "Old Gloucester" as their native port. Less than two hundred are now actively engaged in fishing. Splendidly equipped modern beam-trawlers lie at their wharves to rot. The Gorton Pew Fisheries Company, one of the oldest and strongest organizations of dealers, is receiving heroic treatment following its recent receivership. After conviction for illegally monopolizing the market, seven dealers of Boston, members of the so-called "fish trust" have just completed jail sentences averaging from two to seven months.

Despair pervades the atmosphere of the fishing centres. Mackerel are bought from the fishermen at one and one-half cents per pound and occasionally a fine catch is dumped into the harbor for want of a market at any price. The consumer pays forty, forty-one and forty-two cents per pound for these same mackerel which the fisherman sells for one, one and one-half and two cents. The fishermen bring annually an average of 200,000,000 pounds of food-fish to the port of Boston where forty-two dealers are stationed for the presumable purpose of distributing this commodity to the demanding market. But eighty-five percent of all the fresh fish brought to Boston is consumed within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles; and, carload lots of refrigerated fish are still to be shipped from this port. In New England alone there are one hundred and nineteen towns with populations ranging from 2,500 to 19,000 where no fish is sold. What happens to the producer, the fisherman, in a traditionalized and demoralized industry of this sort may be inferred from a sample "trip" of two weeks ago. This particular fisherman brought 6,000 pounds of first-class fresh fish to the port of Gloucester. After assuming all the risks of the catch, cleaning, icing, crating and shipping, he received a check for $64.24 as the reward for his labors.

The Mayor of Gloucester has appealed to Mr. Hoover and to the women's clubs—both food experts—for relief. The discontent of the fishermen has gone beyond appeals for assistance; they have determined to help themselves. For years they have humbly brought their fish to the dealer, willing to accept whatever price was offered. They now propose to do their own marketing through the medium of a coöperative association. Mr. Aaron Sapiro, who has organized numerous commodity coöperating marketing associations and who serves as counsel for eighty such organizations throughout the country, has been summoned by the Fishermen's Union of the Atlantic. Fishermen, captains, vessel-owners and dealers have given their support to his proposal and plans for organization are now in process. As may be inferred from the fact that all of the interested parties are now willing to experiment with this new form of collectivism, the collapse of the industry is complete.

In the meantime students of capitalistic economics may reflect upon the causes of the decay of an industry which possessed so many natural advantages that its collapse seems incredible. More than a decade ago Simon N. Patten prophesied that the decay of capitalism would not occur by reason of the attacks of socialists from without but rather by reason of weaknesses from within. Radicalism is not a factor in the fishing industry of the Atlantic coast. The industry has been left to function in freedom with the single interposition of the anti-trust law already mentioned. There has been no strategy of sabotage. The industry collapsed because its internal supports had degenerated. Methods of production increased in efficiency; methods of marketing and distribution remained static. The dealers who controlled the market had become almost an hereditary caste. Supply was relatively unlimited; demand was left to the blind fortunes of chance. The middlemen had become speculators rather than distributors. In the end the accumulated weaknesses of the system carried exploiters and producers together in the general collapse. The system was senile.

The prospect of a producers' coöperative marketing association sponsored by and organically related to a trade union presents many details of interest. There are those who insist that the noted individualism of the fisherman is incapable of rendering itself amenable to collective action. This was also said of farmers before they too approached the borderline of starvation. These sceptics may have forgotten that native Americans have been deserting the sea for more than forty years. In 1917 only fifty-two percent of the members of the Fishermen's Union were American citizens. It is entirely possible that the increasing number of non-Americans who take the places of the disappearing Americans will not be contented to do things as they have always been done for the sole reason that they have always been done that way. The figure of the melting-pot may need revision: the essence of what in reality is happening may be more accurately described as an infusion of youthful, experimental blood into the tradition-hardened arteries of a very old body.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

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The Bandwagon

The Higher Learning in America: Old Pitt Gets on the Map.

Dear Alumnus or Alumna:

Hello, everybody! At last Old Pitt is on the map!

The World's Series was great, but a babe in arms as compared with what will happen next Saturday when 382,413 rooters, more or less, are coming from Pittsburg. . . .

Come and hear a co-ed rooter. That's that!

Also, we wish to state that the Pitt-Syracuse game will be fought on the greatest gladiatorial field in the country, beginning at 3 o'clock next Saturday afternoon. After Which, Oh, Boy and Oh, Girl!

All will repair for repairs in pairs and singly to the hospitable Pitt Headquarters in the famous Hotel McAlpin. . . . Could more be said! Loud shouts of "No," "It's Wonderful.". . .

Infernally yours,
Burr M'Intosh, Class of '83
Chairman of the Get 'Em
There Committee.

The Heavy Hand of Justice in Louisiana.

Bastrop, La., Nov. 8.—Judge Fred M. Odom today fined Captain J. K. Skipwith, Exalted Cyclops of the Morehouse Ku Klux Klan and defendant in the Mer Rouge trial, W. G. McIntosh, Benton Pratt and Marvin Pickett, $10 and costs. They were convicted Monday of carrying firearms on the premises of another.

Are You a Failure? Cheer Up. There's Hope.

(Extract from an advertising booklet of The Institute of Business Success, 305 East Garfield Boulevard, Chicago.)

Lesson 2, Exercise No. 6.—Pin enclosed card on wall so that word "Success" is on an exact level with your eyes when you are standing. Stand erect six feet directly in front of card. Place palm of right hand lightly against the back of your head. Bring same hand quickly over the top of your head, continuing movement until your arm is outstretched with the index finger pointing at the word "Success." Each time this movement is completed, repeat these words firmly: "Success Is Mine." Continue exercise for 5 minutes. . . .

Do not permit yourself to fall asleep while practicing as it is not desirable.

Our Candidate to Sound the Keynote at the 1924 Conventions.

(Special Correspondence of The New York World.)

London, Dec. 1.—During the last election campaign, Harold Stranger, the defeated Liberal Candidate in the Newbury division of Berkshire, promised to give £5 to a local charity if anyone could prove that the past member, Brig. Gen. Howard Clifton Brown, had ever spoken in the House.

A man thereupon arose and said that the General had once stated in the House:

"It's stuffy in here; please open the windows."

Gen. Brown was reëlected.

Victoria and Cyrano

Cyrano de Bergerac, by Edmond Rostand. National Theatre, November 5, 1923.

Queen Victoria, by David Carb and Walter Prichard Eaton. Forty-Eighth Street Theatre, November 15, 1923.

Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac is a piece of magnificent genre after all. It is a kind of exuberant and extravagant and ironical ballade. The first and second acts are musketeer and poetical bravura; the third is lyric tour de force; the fourth act, on the battlefield, limps through toward cavalier romance; and the last act is marvellous melodrama that is both elegiac and fantastic. This play is one of the glories of the nineteenth century theatre; it is full of a brave forgetfulness, an elaborate oblivion of our modernity, a young and immortal gusto of the romantic spirit. After irony, audacity is the keynote of the play, in the demands made on the producer, on the audience and on the actors, and most of all on the leading character, to create which the actor needs every stock imaginable of vitality, cleverness, physical endurance and artistic flexibility and style. And Cyrano de Bergerac is what it is; no softening toward the usual and familiar, no dressing down of the high-hearted text is permissible; the play is to be confronted in all its style, its fantastics and its touching and delightful artifice.

Toward such ends it could be said that Mr. Claude Bragdon in his designing and supervising went no little distance. His sets and his costumes for Cyrano de Bergerac often, not always, had ingenuity and invention and rich spirit, the Poet's Bakery in particular and the convent garden with its happy row of trees across the back. Mr. Brian Hooker's translation was smooth and actable, though too much simplified in spots, too afraid of the artifice of the original, far too prudent in the face of the daring savour of youth, the very conscious art of Rostand's text, the declamatory quality of the verse. But the largest burden of the play's quality fell, of course, on the actor who attempted Cyrano.

Mr. Walter Hampden brings to the rôle a very genuine seriousness of intention. He has good diction and a careful method. He has a feeling for literature and a reverence for beauty and poetry and artistic order. But his talent I think is slight. In the first and second acts Mr. Hampden lacks first of all vitality, and after that he lacks something which comes out of vitality plus artistic insight, I mean style. He purposes well in these scenes and is not offensive, he brings to them careful study and earnest thought. But to call this great acting is to have no nose for acting. The balcony scene Mr. Hampden does better; the reflective rather than the powerful comes here, and the tour de force and boldness of fancy are more within a studious and disciplined reach. Miss Carroll McComas reads her part often beautifully; in fact so far as keeping within the artifice and ornament of the play, Miss McComas is more consistently successful than Mr. Hampden, though obviously her task is easier. It is in the last act that she is least satisfactory, and this is partly due to a limitation that Mr. Hampden evinces in his playing of it. He puts her out, and makes her seem unimaginative and sometimes merely affected. And this is because Mr. Hampden, though he is moving and excellent in many of the scene's aspects, is yet not really facing the problem that Rostand put there for him. Mr.

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Hampden is sympathetic in this incident of Cyrano's last visit to Roxane, the irony of the love that was Christian's and should have been his, the brave and beauty-loving and mocking end that Cyrano makes at last. But Mr. Hampden, as the translation does, evades the issue of that last scene; he does not give us in its own terms what the scene has to say; he omits no little of the gusto, elaboration, artifice and bravura that Rostand employed and through which Rostand meant the pathos and truth of the scene to be conveyed to us. In other words the last act of Cyrano de Bergerac is written in exactly the same manner as the first; if you don't really see that, you don't see the nature of the play. This last act is tragedy if you like, but it is made up of audacious mixtures of effects, of impossible and stirring images, sentiments and actions, of an intricate and heightened pathos and irony and tragic sadness. And both in spite and because of these qualities the underlying meaning and character of the scene must emerge. To take this fifth act and cut it and tone it and make it more probable and more easily harmonious and less venturous, is not the finest way of attacking it. The result may be, and it was with Mr. Hampden, stirring and affecting and dignified and poetic; but it dodges somewhat the artistic issue and makes more nearly ordinary a scene that vaults from its long used and obvious devices into a high and bitter beauty and style and eccentrically tragic mood. An important art would have confronted and given us all this; Mr. Hampden brought little to the scene that might not have come from a good training and a good taste in scenes and situations out of Shakespeare.

To take Mr. Walter Hampden in Cyrano as a great actor is doubly unfortunate because of one very definite fact, which is that he brings to the theatre an all-round spirit, an admirable and steady intention, a noble attitude and faith. He is not a great actor but a fine centre of theatrical belief and labor. His company play well together; they speak the best English generally of any cast in town; and they show a reverence and a respect for beauty and dignity in the theatre. These are fine and rare traits, much needed among us just now; and to insist on miscalling a great artist a man who otherwise is really so persistent and admirable a spirit in the whole region of the theatre is only to muddle and confuse the issue.

The sixth episode in Queen Victoria, where the scene ends with the queen's decision to go to the opening of the workmen's hall at Hammersmith, is not contrived as strongly as it should be, since it is the highest point in Victoria's life as a sovereign. One says this at the start in order to be free to turn at once to the gentle and secure atmosphere of the play as a whole, this steady and grateful and firm progress of seven moments in Victoria's life, from that early dawn when they came to tell her that she was queen and she asked for a bedchamber to herself, to that last scene in Buckingham palace when the Empress of India sends her message and blessing to her subjects everywhere. I find it hard to separate the play from what we all know of Queen Victoria and from the portrait, impish and sedate and inspired, that Strachey has put into all our minds. I find it hard to know what I do think of Mr. Carb's and Mr. Eaton's play except to know that I enjoyed it, especially the scenes up to Albert's death and that terrible cry of grief on which the curtain descended. And the play—and this is nothing against it—is inextricably bound up with Miss Beryl Mercer's extraordinary control and magnetism. That she is the whole Victoria out of history I should not go so far as to say, Victoria must have had more force and weight and even a kind of style, than Miss Mercer could give to her. That Miss Mercer has created a portrait consistent throughout and steadily kept in hand I have no doubt at all. Miss Mercer holds the stage whenever she is on it; she has a secure bodily presence whenever she is before us, and a kind of stubborn skill of her own and she profits by the fact that the continuity of the play lies wisely with Victoria herself and that every episode, the more or the less interesting, has a certain freshness on it as it arrives.

The settings, for the first four or five scenes especially, were happily carried through; the well-loved Victorian atmosphere was fragrantly but not mushily conveyed. The acting of the cast at first was a little stuffy, mostly because poor actors like Mr. Donald Cameron were trying to do men like the charming and brilliant Lord Melbourne or the aristocratic and witty Lord Palmerston; in this play the peerage needs to go to Mr. Borden Harriman's footman for a lesson. Most of the smaller parts were endurable. And Baroness Lehzen, Victoria's famous governess —Miss Anita Rothe— had dignity and a sort of solemn and conscientious good breeding that were exactly right. Prince Albert came out with something like triumph in the person of Mr. Ullrich Haupt, who had a good voice, good manners, presence, finish and precision of method. He quite floored the English ministers by his knowledge of how clothes should be worn on the stage. And he even knew how to walk well.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

Philippe Millet

SIR: Given the present posture of world affairs the removal by death of M. Philippe Millet, Foreign Editor alike of Le Petit Parisien, the Paris newspaper with the largest circulation not only in France but in the world, and of L'Europe Nouvelle, the unique Liberal journal of France, can hardly be viewed as anything but a calamity.

More than any other Frenchman Millet was penetrated and influenced by those ideas and principles which in America and England are described as liberal. He had lived long in London before the World War and after a brief but brilliant service in the field, culminating in severe wounds at the Battle of Charleroi he completed the war as a liaison officer with the British army.

Peace come, Millet returned to Paris to make a career as a journalist and from the very outset gave his great talents and unremitting industry to the task of preserving and expanding the sympathy and understanding between his own people and those of the two Anglo-Saxon countries. Adopting the principles and purposes of Mr. Wilson he was throughout the Paris Conference the most outspoken French advocate of the ideas of peace which then found acceptance both in Britain and the United States.

It is, however, after the Paris Conference that Millet begins to disclose himself as a power. During all the time from 1919 to the fall of Briand and the coming of Poincaré he appears at every world conference, every meeting

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of the statesmen of Europe in the various capitals and by his pen and not less powerful personality seeks to preserve the Anglo-French entente and to defend before a steadily and increasingly critical French public the underlying principle of Clemenceau and of Briand, that of association between France and her two Anglo-Saxon associates of the war.

At the Washington Conference Millet is the most conspicuous French journalist, his place at home has already been made and during his brief weeks on this side of the water he not only sympathetically interprets French sentiments and purposes to an American audience through American newspapers, but he continues his far greater and more useful task of explaining to France the ideas and ideals of the United States.

Between the Washington Conference and the moment when death overtook him suddenly, a few weeks ago, Millet, largely through his L'Europe Nouvelle, became in every sense a European figure. At home his magazine was not only unique of its kind, but a representative of the spirit in France which found expression in the United States in the Nation and the New Republic and in Britain in the Nation of Massingham and the Manchester Guardian of Scott.

The tide of French opinion and the rush of world events were both unfortunate for Millet. Despite his efforts and those of others in all countries, the break between France and the rest of the world and particularly between France and the British and American peoples widened. He saw it, he strove to prevent it, in the midst of misunderstandings and worse on both sides his clear and courageous voice continued to insist upon moderation and reason at home and to plead for saner and more sympathetic grasp of French problems abroad.

In a very real sense Millet was in peace what he had been in war, a liaison officer between French and Anglo-Saxon forces. He spent much of his life in the study of English civilization and ideals that he might correctly and sympathetically interpret these to France and in his last years he strove to use his knowledge and approach to British and American publics as a basis for explaining the France which he loved, believed in and continued to consider liberal in the deepest sense.

In view of the almost unprecedented speed with which he rose to influence and prominence both at home and abroad in the five years which have followed the close of hostilities, it is hard to place any conceivable limit upon his career had he lived. That he would have been increasingly a force and an influence in his own country cannot be doubted. That his influence would have been steadily exerted for moderate and liberal ideas his brief but astonishingly successful career demonstrates. That there is in France a place for such ideas, this same swift march to influence conclusively shows.

Personally one of the most brilliant men in his profession, not alone in France but in the world, an outstanding figure in every international gathering from the Paris Conference to that of Genoa, endowed with a rare gift for personal friendship, equally liked and respected by such different men as Benes, Briand, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, having access to all the considerable German statesmen of the post-war period, believing profoundly in the certainty of the ultimate arrival of a new and liberal Europe whose servant he felt himself always to be, Millet had already become an outstanding figure in international journalism as he will remain a vivid memory in the minds of all who knew him.

Europe could far more easily have spared many statesmen than have parted with Philippe Millet; and with him disappears one of the sadly few avenues of approach for Americans to French thought and perhaps the single sympathetic and clairvoyant interpreter of American sentiment and emotion to France.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sanderson or Wells?

SIR: I find myself wondering if Sanderson of Oundle ever really lived? Or is he merely another of those vivid personalities ejected from the ultra-vivid personality of Mr. Wells? Somehow Sanderson reminds me of the bespectacled God pattering around in his dim-windowed cob-webby "office," trying to think what on earth he would try next on earth—or whether he should scrap it as a hopeless mess and try something entirely new. Is Sanderson, not the man to whom Wells sent his sons, but rather the man to whom he would have sent his sons, had such a schoolmaster as Sanderson, with such a school as his been in existence? Since there was no such schoolmaster on this benighted earth, Mr. Wells needs must create him (and he has done a good job of it, marvelously good, as he always does, whether he be making men, machines, societies or gods,—or anything else the universe is lacking).

It seems to me Sanderson is much more Wells than Sanderson. If there be, or was, a real Sanderson, I am very suspicious that Wells has made him over nearer to the heart's desire. He is the personification of Mr. Wells's ideal of the sort of education needed to put the knife to competition, international strife, personal meanness and ineptitude—to the end that the dream of the unified earth-society be realized.

Perhaps this is only the vagary of a super-suspicious mind. But I should like to know. I would be the last person to condemn either Sanderson or Wells if the "Glorious Schoolmaster" is a Tono-Bungay. We need the tonic—many, many bottles of it. Sanderson has already more than justified his existence, be it fictive or actual. May his tribe increase.

But—is he real?

READ BAIN.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The Klan Takes Up Education

SIR: With the Klan sweeping practically every important city in Ohio, there is an immediate danger that many schoolteachers who cannot measure up to the Klan's idea of what constitutes one hundred percent Americanism will be forced out of positions.

The American Civil Liberties Union stands ready to make a fight in the courts of any dismissal from the public schools, but an aroused public opinion is necessary. At the Northeastern Ohio Teachers' Association annual meeting, held in Cleveland last week, the Klan supporters were able to support two mild resolutions urging that "the integrity" of the schools be maintained. The resolution passed at San Francisco by the American Legion was voted down ten to one.

Teachers and others who learn of discrimination should notify liberal sources at once, nor should they fear newspaper publicity. If the trend toward reaction is not stayed, the teaching profession will become a sorrier joke than it is today.

DAVID H. PIERCE.

Akron, Ohio.

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Books and Things

A FEW days ago, when an order blank of conventional Arabian pattern appeared on my table out of nowhere, and a voice without a lodging bade me write my seven wishes, the idea didn't occur to me of calling for a translation of the New Testament into contemporary English. No such idea would have occurred to me, I believe, if the wishes allowed had numbered seventy times seven. But suppose, after the lists were closed and the wishing was over, that the obliging genie had said: "Haven't you forgotten something? How about a translation of the New Testament into contemporary English?" Even then I should have answered that words could not utter my preference of the Authorized to any other version, possible or conceivable.

Had the genie been curious and insistent I might, perhaps, have deigned to explain. Readers to whom a contemporary translation can be of service, so I might have told him, fall into one of two classes. First, believers who have heard that the Authorized Version is full of mistakes, and who desire above all else literal fidelity to the Greek. Secondly, readers who are so uneducated, whether unbelievers or believers, that the English of the Authorized Version puts them out. It is a storied veil hung between them and the New Testament scene, with its figures, places, destinies, beatitudes. But for us others, who are neither uneducated in this sense nor Christians in any sense, who read the Authorized Version for almost nothing except its English, who grew up with its seventeenth century music in our ears, in whom the passion for these old words is undying and unrequited—what profit can there be for us in a translation the intent of which is to change those words beyond recognition, and to silence that music? Is any other set of readers so likely to be repelled by a contemporary translation as we are, aloof in our good taste and our incuriosity, with every prejudice coiled for its spring?

Something of this sort was in my head when I began to read the New Testament, an American Translation by Edgar J. Goodspeed, Professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek in the University of Chicago (University of Chicago Press. $3.00). And I must admit that at first the expected surprises were rather a shock. How would you feel if somebody assured you that Titian's full name was William F. Titian and that he was born at Ann Harbor, Mich., instead of at Pieve di Cadore? Or if, in the Salon Carré, you opened your eyes upon a Marriage at Cana in which Veronese's contemporaries had been replaced by men and women in evening dress as we know it? But before long this arrangement faded away, and I was taking an interest in Professor Goodspeed's medium. He has tried, he tells us, to put his author's meaning into "the simplest and clearest of present-day English," but his problem must have been ever so much more complex than that. To find a tone-of-all-work, a tone that would do both for Revelation and for St. Mark, was a search to keep a nice ear busy for weeks. And not to lose that tone when found, what a labor of tactful patience!

All these pains were worth while, for by dint of them Professor Goodspeed has achieved a texture of present-day English which is not only clear and simple, but which is so clear and so simple that it deserves to take its place as a standard of English prose as we speak it today, or would if we could whenever we wish to be colorless. Here is a prose upon which almost no trace has been left of the effort to be contemporary, though that effort must have been unremitting; and almost no trace of the necessary effort to get rid, to find something instead, of phrases from the Authorized Version which translated the Greek accurately, but which if retained would be spots of color too rich, or strains of music too memoried, for their gray pedestrian context.

But this interest in Professor Goodspeed's medium did not last through more than a few pages. Before long he had succeeded in diverting my attention from his prose, the aim of which is to escape attention. Before long I was admitting, somewhat against the grain at first, that although I missed the lichens and the ivy, pulled down and scraped off by the restorer's hand, I saw the building more clearly than ever before, more as it may have appeared to the men who made it. I felt—and after dipping into the Epistles, after reading Mark, Luke, Acts, Revelation I still feel—that this is a colorless world. To read the Authorized Version is for many of us to have glimpses of Italian and Flemish paintings, to see clear or blurred memories of Annunciations, Nativities, Miraculous Draughts, Crucifixions, Descents from the Cross, Pietàs. I can imagine a painter reading Professor Goodspeed's translation with visions which are not memories, and moved to paint what he sees as he sees it, untroubled by the will to be different.

Even in me one of the profoundest changes Professor Goodspeed makes is visual. I do not know how it was possible for so many years to see a story of movement and gesture as stationary picture after picture, but so I saw it. Professor Goodspeed has taken the New Testament figures out of their frames. He has endowed them with motion and life. It is as if he had given us back a lost power to wonder. Upon this New Testament world, so familiar that it seemed strictly determined, an atmosphere of free will has descended. Instead of dramatis personae who have got their lines by heart we see human beings whose words and deeds are unpredictable. The old parts had a music or a splendor or a heavenly beauty which are gone, which we miss, but against this loss we must set a sharpening of our attention, a rejuvenating of our curiosity. In the Authorized Version I have been used to hear the noblest English spoken by a composite of many somewhat anglican voices, somewhat mannered. In Professor Goodspeed's I hear the voices of fishermen, Romans, Pharisees, tax-collectors, angels, a physician, a tent-maker.

To look at the New Testament with a fresh eye, almost as if we had not seen it before, this is the power Professor Goodspeed gives his ideally successful readers. And the right way to take this translation, I am sure, is not to make a violent attempt at dissociation and forgetting, but to be passive, to give the new version plenty of time, to read it in long drafts, at least a book at a sitting, as Professor Goodspeed wishes us to read it. If we are still refractory and derisive, if we still complain of him for unlighting all the storied windows, let us give first aid to ourselves, the slaves of memory and habit, by asking, for example, how the New Testament in Greek would affect us, if we could read it in that language? Could any translation open our eyes, if this does not? Professor Goodspeed appeals not to our taste but to our minds. He assumes that we wish to know what the New Testament is like and that we are willing to pay a price for this knowledge. If we seek easy victories over him by inch-by-inch comparisons of his version with the Authorized, we shall find that which we sought, and which was not worth seeking.

P. L.

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Love Days

Love Days, by Henrie Waste. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

SIX years ago the name Henrie Waste appeared as the signature of an "autobiographical fragment" entitled Philosophy (Longmans, Green and Company)—the story of an American girl at the University of Freiburg in the Breisgau. The book was one of the casualties of the war. The American public was in no mood to contemplate the background of German landscape, character, and academic life, however exquisitely and brilliantly rendered. It is a pleasure, however, to recall that Randolph Bourne, writing in the New Republic of April 28, 1917, said of the book: "It is so different from anything else and so exciting that you do not criticize; you are kindled. . . . Your first impression of Henrie Waste is that nobody could achieve such a fusion of vivid thought and exhilaration of personal feeling. . . . The style is of the utmost distinction, genuine, warm, flexible, almost incredibly alive. The book is real and it is noble. And its flair has just that moral quality which could only be American."

To the readers of Love Days this praise will not suggest exaggeration. In this later volume, the high qualities of which the critic's sensibility and perception made him acutely aware in the earlier are present in unmistakable richness. Seldom has early literary promise had such magnificent fulfillment. Philosophy has the simplicity of autobiography. It is limited in time and place to a single episode, and in human material to a single strain; it is a lyric for one instrument—a woodwind. Love Days follows its heroine through eleven episodes in different parts of the world, involving human relations with characters various in nationality and culture, the whole seen from the commanding point of view of the author. In their gathering complexity these episodes mark with perfect precision the enlargement of experience, the growth of character, which carry Love Days beyond the limited scope of Philosophy. In their advance from the singing girlish theme of the first to the august and tragic blending of love and death in the last, they have the unity and climax of a symphonic poem, to be rendered only by a large orchestra.

Love Days has all the great qualities of fiction. It is real with a wide and intimate knowledge of conditions of the world. It has the significance of intense experience which makes it symbolic, a Pilgrim's Progress of mind and heart. Above all it has beauty, beauty not only of the external surface of life, but of inward, pulsating response to it. Henrie Waste has a delicate sense of place. She knows what conditions of hour or season will bring out the peculiar charm of landscape or city—and she gives us the sun stricken beaches in the morning at Capri, the mountains gleaming in the cold light of Swiss afternoons, the imposing perspective of Rome in the evening. Not less clairvoyant is she in picturing New York. There the beauty of material conditions, of interiors and textures and works of art, of the properties of life, is presented with humane and exquisite appreciation. There is the beauty of artistic creation, the beauty of human relations expressed in movement and attitude and human speech. Of all this Susanne Moore is the animating principle. It is her responsiveness to the material appeal of the world which makes it a living surface, active and vibrant as air and pulsating like the sea. It is her fastidious sense of what is right in things and people, a dramatic sense of the concurrence of time and place and human action, which is the force that adapts and arranges the substance of the world and the movement of life about her. It is her beauty, felt rather than described, enhanced by the color and design of dress, alive in gesture and speech, which awakens the creative impulse in all about her. It is her ardor of mind which provides an intellectual drama not less intense and thrilling than the physical progress which it accompanies, her passion for knowing into which emotional experience blends with such dazzling effulgence. Their union, as in Philosophy, constitutes the unique quality of the book.

And Susanna like her predecessor keeps the charm of girlhood in the midst of experience and reflection. She is always playful with the playfulness of Landor's Greek women, from Aspasia to Ternissa. Through the great moments of life made solemn alike by passion and insight and at last by suffering, rings the chime of her laughter. There is something unspeakably poignant in this association of youth and love and joy with disappointment and betrayal. But from every deadening fall to ashes her flame soars again upward. Even in the last ironical tragedy her joy in life meets death with a sense of fulfillment. Susanna Moore's Love Days are an illustration of the aesthetic paradox in Keats's Melancholy:

> She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die,
> And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu. And aching Pleasure nigh
> Turning to poison while the beemouth sips.

It is difficult to write of Love Days without an overemphasis that is very far from the quality of the book. Its technique is infinitely subtle, yet so natural that one hesitates to apply to it such a term as virtuosity. The author is evidently a follower of Henry James in seizing the peculiar advantage of the novel as a form of art. As in his later work, notably The Ambassadors, the action is reflected on the stage of consciousness, but in Love Days this consciousness is that of the chief actor herself. The closeness of relation between the outer drama and the inner, between Susanna Moore's experience and her consciousness of it, is so perfectly sustained that the obtrusiveness of the author's comment is eliminated and the narrative becomes a unit in which action is penetrated with thought and feeling. With Susanna Moore, thought rises in speech like a spring; and action is so immediately an expression of mind as to realize Donne's conceit:

> That we might almost say her body thought.

This spontaneity relieves all oppressive sense of the art which so delicate a process conceals. The other characters, reflecting the author's cosmopolitan taste and interest, exist for Susanna, and through her perception of them, with a vividness due to the sharpness of her discrimination and a warmth and color born of her emotion. Again one is tempted to praise the consistency of the artistic process by which this rendering of varieties of human nature into the terms of an individual human language is accomplished; and again one is halted by the ease with which the thing is done. And finally the style with its immense gain in resources over that of Philosophy, its cosmopolitan reflection of the highly wrought culture out of which the book grows, is to be mentioned as the final attribute of Love Days—that which makes it a beautiful garment for a spirit devoted to the pursuit of intellectual beauty.

R. M. L.

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The Humanizing of Knowledge

The Humanizing of Knowledge, by James Harvey Robinson. The Workers' Bookshelf. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

THIS little book is a plea for the wider distribution of scientific knowledge. The wealth of new facts and valuable generalizations discovered in recent decades is immense, but it remains for the most part a monopoly of a small body of trained scientists. And even among the scientists scarcely any partake of the discoveries beyond their special field. The scientist is a man who lives apart from the mass of mankind. He is engaged in the pursuit of an objective certainty which lies above merely human good or evil, use and interest. He works for the intellectual satisfaction of himself and his peers, under the tacit assumption that the truth he discovers will somehow make its way to all those whom it may concern.

This assumption of the penetrating power of truth is, however, a superstitition, Professor Robinson asserts. The average man is usually indifferent to the truth of an idea; what he is not indifferent to is its capacity to satisfy his aspirations, its adaptability to his existing scheme of life. Indeed, Professor Robinson presents so compelling a proof of the hostility of the average man to the truth as such that one is almost impelled to abandon the project of humanizing or democratizing knowledge. It would seem almost that we should have to manage our intellectual lives on the plan of distinguishing definitely between the elect and the uninitiate, those who may know the truth and those who must be put off with childish myths. But the case it not so bad as that, as Professor Robinson tacitly confesses in his later chapters. If the public does not grasp eagerly at the latest scientific discovery, it is not altogether the public's fault. The scientist is largely to blame. He makes no effort to be intelligible. The jargon and the symbols that answer the scientist's purpose are Sanskrit to the layman. It isn't really aversion to truth that makes the busy layman ignore a science which exhibits such unconscious arrogance. The layman has his living to make and can only read while he runs.

To be sure, there has been much effort at the popularizing of science, but the result, Professor Robinson thinks, is mediocre. I believe that he underestimates this effect. Perhaps the white-collar crowd in the cities has been disappointingly slow in assimilating the new scientific knowledge. But I have often been impressed with evidences of the penetration of scientific ideas among the industrial workers and the farmers. There must be something in Veblen's doctrine that modern science appeals most strongly to the manual workers, whose life discipline lies within the realm of physical cause and effect, while the traditional teleological scheme of ideas still holds with the classes who get their discipline out of an environment of values.

It remains true, however, that much more needs to be done to popularize scientific knowledge. The scientific world will have to get over its scornful attitude toward the "mere popularizer," unless it is willing to run the risk of outlawry through a sudden flame of anti-evolutionism, anti-vivisection, anti-materialism.

Popularizing is a difficult art, requiring at once sound knowledge and literary skill. Professor Robinson argues vigorously for a departure in the making of books. We have too many long, hard books. Let us have short books, worked out with the utmost consideration of the reader's interest and time. Let us have done with departmentalization of knowledge and write our books around a subject of interest, unconcerned by the fact that the subject may lead us from physics to sociology, from ethics to photochemistry.

All this is good so far as it goes. There is, however, one other condition of effective popularizing which Professor Robinson observes better in the practice than in the precept. That is, let the popularizer know the world and his time so well that he may be able to select and arrange his material so that it will float in the existing current of popular interest. The most popular serious book ever published in America is Professor Robinson's Mind in the Making. It is written in a singularly lucid and attractive style. It goes boldly where the interest leads, without regard to departmental boundaries. These are great virtues, but they do not alone account for the fact that a hundred thousand persons have bought the book, and that probably half a million have read it. That can be accounted for only by an almost universal desire to know more about the mind, emerging unaccountably at this particular time and perceivable only to those who, like Professor Robinson, are possessed of the real publicist's sixth sense.

Words of one syllable will never popularize science, unless they are employed with the understanding that only the rarest minds attain. We shall find the men for the job when we have completely disabused ourselves of the silly notion that popularizing, well or ill done, is essentially a degraded and parasitic function. A. J.

An Unscaled Citadel

Economic Motives, by Zenas Clark Dickinson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50.

I TOOK up this book with the utmost enthusiasm only to lay it down again with almost equal disappointment. The trouble lay more with me than with Dr. Dickinson, however. I should have known better than to hope so much. I should have known that there are yet no data extant in the economic field—or in any other field for that matter—competent to lay down laws of human behavior in a manner which commands attention and respect. But ah, if we only knew.

If the springs which lie back of human action could be ascertained within certain limits, then would mankind indeed embark upon the greatest adventure of its career; then would Utopia come down to earth. For if we knew what human nature demanded, the conscious adaptation of institutions to fit that urge would lie just around the corner.

Heretofore institutions have grown like Topsy, and after a longer or shorter period collapsed into oblivion—the dynastic system of Egypt, the Greek way of life, knight errantry, the guilds, the state socialism of the Incas . . . So now industrial competition is collapsing, and even capitalism shows signs of wear and tear. That an institution could not come into existence without responding in some way to the human equation is obvious, but equally obvious is the fact that it could not collapse unless it somehow denied the human equation. Meanwhile a thousand legislatures pass ten thousand laws, a million executives try to enforce fixed standards of conduct, and countless reformers scatter pamphlets and speeches without end.

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And nobody knows whether these bills and orders and reforms run parallel or perpendicular to the curve of human nature. Nobody knows because there is no ordered knowledge of what fundamental human nature is, or how it operates, or what it will do and what it will not do, or where the breaking point comes if it is forced to do what it does not want to do.

Now to many good people all this constitutes a monstrous challenge. To them God or Evolution or the Life Force has man's destiny in keeping, and no mortal may ever hope to pick the lock. But there are others who will go on trying to pick that lock, and, if worse comes to worse, to batter down that door, until either the lightning of Jove strikes them down, or they find what they are after. To such iconoclasts, the riddle of human behavior is akin to the riddle of electricity in the realm of physics. The ultimate nature of electricity is unknown, and perhaps always will be. But the behavior of electricity has been studied, isolated, and finally made to produce light, heat and power within controlled mediums. So the ultimate nature of life may be forever unknown, but it is not inconceivable that the behavior and reaction of man to his environment may be studied and analyzed until a basis is found which, while never perfect, will nevertheless go a long way towards adapting institutions to human nature and human needs.

Of course the job which such biological engineers undertake is infinitely more complicated and difficult than the job of the electrical engineer. But, as one gazes around the world today and notes the net accomplishments of salvation by faith, the question naturally arises whether salvation by intelligence can do any worse.

With these passionate but ill digested thoughts continually disturbing me, can it be wondered that I seized upon Dr. Dickinson's book? What did I learn? Almost nothing I did not know before—which was little enough. And for a hundred pages my eagerness was mired in a learned historical summary of the naïve psychology of the economic primitives—Adam Smith, Bentham, Bain et al. Once this fog was passed, Dr. Dickinson got down to a very fair summary of such scraps of knowledge as have weight in the economic field, viz:

> That instincts are few and may be seriously modified by environmental habits.
>
> That the desire for wealth—the cornerstone of orthodox economics—is not one of the instincts; it is a transference based on the instinct for social approbation. In a society which values wealth above valor or mysticism or beauty it will flourish, otherwise not. It is the instinct for approbation which must be reckoned with.
>
> That folkways and habits condition our acts vastly more than we are aware of. Free will is a figment of the imagination.
>
> That communism is customary and workable.
>
> That wider interests and less selfish interests can be instilled by education.

And so on. A good summary of the limited data already available, but Dr. Dickinson has produced no additional data, and has not advanced us an inch in the problem of the conscious control of institutions. Why I should have expected him to exceed the orderly limits of a doctor's dissertation and really begin the scaling of the citadel, I do not know. Perhaps it is because I am so eager to have somebody really begin.

STUART CHASE.

Men and Women

The Ethics of Feminism, by A. R. Wadia. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

The Soul of Woman, by Gina Lombroso. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The Dominant Sex, by Mathilde and Mathias Vaerting, translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.00.

IT has been observed by Freud that man throughout his history has undergone three great shocks to his pride, first when he became conscious that the earth upon which he lived was but one of many planets revolving in space, second when he discovered that his origin was far from divine, and third when he was instructed that his very words and actions sprang from motives cunningly obscured from his conscious thoughts. Nowhere is this last fact more clearly demonstrated than in feminist and anti-feminist literature. Logic and reason juggle with data to suit the hidden desires of the performer. A century ago Meckel, the eminent anatomist, seeing in variability a sign of inferiority, concluded in his Manual of Descriptive and Pathological Anatomy, that women were more variable than men. Later when variability was regarded as a sign of superiority it was decided that men were more variable, although a sex difference in variability had never been scientifically demonstrated.

Mr. A. R. Wadia, professor of philosophy at the University of Mysore, is one of those writers on feminism whose suppressed fears rear themselves persistently over the fence of his logic like the horns of an entrapped ram protruding angrily from its pen. Such affecting statements as the following frequently occur, "Every man can truly say, 'I for one feel ever dependent. It was due to my dear mother that I was ever born.'" His fear of the loss of his familiar comforts is only equalled by his fear of what might happen to him were he really abandoned to face alone the dangers of the world. "A woman of the butterfly species is excellent to be looked at through a glass case, but her single touch is enough to cause all the high categories of human civilization to evaporate." Were it not that Mr. Wadia's profession is that of a philosopher one might indeed tremble for his safety. So acutely does he feel the encroaching danger of women's complete emancipation that he is even driven to the last resort of the harassed male, that of blaming his own sex for the pass to which things have arrived. "Down with the brutality of husband and father, up with the divine humanity of wife and mother, the reign of love and knowledge." Yet this same wife and mother must be as rigidly conserved for their duties in the home, at least until well past the ages of indiscretion, as the dangerous young woman must be prevented from breaking through her glass case. "The education of a girl," writes this excellent professor, "in the inexhaustible requirements and richness of home ought to last at least until the age of twenty. From twenty to forty-five a woman should be prepared for matrimony and maternity, and once her children are grown up and her daughters and daughters-in-law can relieve her of most household cares she may set forth into the wide world and make herself as useful to society as she can and in whatever way she likes best. This is the only compromise possible between the sexual function of womanhood and her growing craving for wider activities."

Here is the gist of Mr. Wadia's utterances enunciated

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in differing cadences through many pages. Yet suddenly and unconsciously he gives his whole case away. In comparing the dullness of the imprisoned wives of the Athenians to the brilliancy and wit of the Hetaira he naïvely admits that "the latter triumphed, for men at bottom are ardent admirers of women of wit." As Stendhal once said, however, "Any man would prefer to spend his life with a servant rather than a savante."

When one turns to Dr. Gina Lombroso's book one notes in passing that she has secured degrees in law and medicine and that although she is married she retains the name of her father. As did Mrs. Humphry Ward in England, this privileged Italian uses the eminence to which she has ascended as a position from which to warn back those mistaken members of her own sex as ambitious as herself.

Soft, tangled and irrelevant, like a ball of worsted projected from the paw of a kitten, Dr. Lombroso's logic bounces and curvets, now and then displaying the glitter of an obtruding needle. She is unlike Mrs. Ward, however, in that one feels that underneath her alarming prognostications is an authentic emotion. Is it possible that as the daughter of a noted anthropologist and wife of a celebrated historian (Guglielmo Ferrero) Dr. Lombroso may at one time or another have been chilled to the bone by her own sense of ignorance? And of course the best way to overcome one's chilliness is to expose others to the draught while shielding oneself behind their shoulders.

The light framework on which she builds her argument against the emancipation of woman is her statement that man is "egocentric" while woman is "alterocentric." This difference, according to her, establishes woman's superiority over man, yet after stating this superiority she proceeds with meticulous care to strip the feminine sex of every desirable quality. Its members are without intellect or tolerance, incapable of reasoning, vacillating, envious, jealous to the point of hating even the heroines in books, unable to live alone, although stupidly oblivious to the real thoughts and preferences of those about them. Men, on the other hand, could live forever in profound isolation.

Such suggestive and edifying sentences as the following are of frequent occurrence: "Society requires woman to be moral, to refrain from using the artifice of coquetry which she has at her command and which would bring general confusion into the social order. And who can supervise the fulfillment of this necessary law except the husband, father and brother?" It is consoling to know that like Mr. Wadia Dr. Lombroso looks toward men for some action in stemming the advancing tide of woman's emancipation.

But we think all unwittingly she has herself indicated a possible solution for the unreasonable restlessness of women. "Consider how in all countries . . . woman quieted down during the war. She quieted down because she found a way of utilizing her altruistic activity. Activity is a craving within her like hunger or thirst. Man, on the contrary, is thoughtful, meditative. He finds an outlet for his instinct not by working, but by thinking. He tends to shirk effort in order to leave his mind free." If this is indeed true what an excellent arrangement it might prove to send women out to do the arduous and active work of the world while men remained at home in silent meditation.

After the breathless finality of the last two writers' pronunciamentos as to the circumscribed duties of women, their unalterable limitations, it is refreshing to turn to the detached and analytical statements of Mathilde and Mathias Vaerting. From a bulging brief case they deftly draw forth and neatly expose the following arguments. Differences between the sexes indeed! Why, ladies and gentlemen, you will find if you scan history, free of preconceptions, that these so-called congenital differences evaporate into mist. The only real differences that exist between the sexes are those which have come about as a result of men's power over women or women's power over men. When one sex is in the ascendant certain inevitable results follow, reverse the order you have exactly the same results with the slight difference that now the previously subordinate sex has mounted to power and the dominant sex dwindles to docility and subservience. If this theory seems incredibly fantastic to minds impregnated with the conception of women's inferior physique and biological handicap they have but to read to be appropriately impressed. One does not wonder that the Mr. Wadia's of the world have become apprehensive.

From the customs of the ancient Egyptians, the Spartans, the early Teutonic stocks, from various tribes and clans the Vaertings proceed to rear their edifice of data. If now and then a false beam slips in, it does not seriously imperil the validity of their main thesis.

Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those dealing with the influence of monosexual dominance on the sexual ideal of beauty and bodily development, and the sex deities and priests under the respective rules of men and women.

One is pleased to note that this book is but the initial one of a series in which the authors propose a "refounding" of the comparative psychology of the sexes. It will undoubtedly be torn apart with sententious cunning by anti-feminist ethnologists but the Vaertings have craftily forestalled them by devoting a chapter to pointing out how eternally falsified history has become by the prepotent ideology of the dominant sex. In the meantime this interesting work easily stands as the most suggestive and stimulating study of the sociological factor of sex differentiation which has been published in our generation.

ALYSE GREGORY.

The Mexican Nation

The Mexican Nation, A History by H. I. Priestley. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THIS is an important work by a competent scholar and a fine specimen of historical writing of the approved type. It offers the English reader more than he will find between any other covers. It is a pity, however, that the author grasps things by their tops rather than by their roots. We miss in him a vivid sense of the underlying economic and social situation in Mexico, which all along has been the invisible stage director dictating pronunciamentos and constitutions and moving armed men about the stage. Nor does he show how, with the stigma on manual labor and the distribution of social prestige according to the canons of Conspicuous Waste, the ideas and policies of the dominant race became completely molded by social parasitism. *To live without work* has been the master aim of the whites in Mexico. When the political unrest and instability that have tortured this country are traced to a struggle between those who would sustain and those who would curtail human exploitation, the last century of Mexican history will become intelligible.

E. A. Ross.

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A Page of Fiction

Fan: The Story of a Young Girl's Life, by W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

THIS is a reprint of a book which appeared thirty years ago over the pseudonym of Henry W. Hanford. To criticize the technique would be as pointless as criticizing Hudson for not being his own grandson. Some characters (Fan's Lady Bountiful and her noble lovers) walk on stilts with the worst of George Eliot and early Owen Davis, but we have an interesting picture of the Darwinism clash in the late eighties and a chapter against the background of the Zoo where the author-naturalist does better than at his teas. The plot, with the London slums and its heroine wide-eyed, wistful, and chaste, is complete for the hand of Mr. D. W. Griffith and Miss Lillian Gish.

K. L. D.

Undertow, by Henry K. Marks. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

THIS is a malodorous record of "unadorned life" on the East Side. The family life of the Volmers is pitched at such a point of unendurability in the very beginning that no allowance for higher tension remains, and the livid calamities which follow pass through horror into farce. By the time Ronnie Volmer, a confirmed drug fiend, beaten to a pulp by his father, is left struggling with his mother for a few last drops of cocaine, while his two sisters endure repressions and prostitution respectively,—by this time if not sooner the reader is forced into disgusted laughter. Undertow is melo-realism.

E. V.

Here's to the Gods, by Austin Parker. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

ANOTHER novel of the war generation of rather rhinestone-cut-rhinestone calibre, but which may be summoned to the bar as evidence that no book which is discriminating in its quotations (especially Alice in Wonderland ones) can ever seem quite desolate of qualities.

K. L. D.

Different Gods, by Violet Quirk. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

MISS QUIRK has filled her book with so much conversation that it is a little top-heavy, but she has also filled it with imaginative charm and a delicate picturing of the affections of an adolescent girl who grows up after a man-hating interlude to a happy climax on the last page. A first novel of which criticisms of its anatomy are forgotten in view of the healthy color in its cheeks.

K. L. D.

Silk, by Samuel Merwin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

MORE thrilling than the movies is this story from the pen of Samuel Merwin—which may be saying much or little. For a novel of its kind, at any rate, Silk deserves high praise. Mr. Merwin has reconstructed the China of two thousand years ago in a style delightfully exotic, and around silk and the zealously guarded secret of its culture has woven a colorful tale of intrigue and romance.

C. R. B.

The Cinder Buggy, By Garet Garrett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

THE Cinder Buggy is chiefly interesting from a scientific and economic point of view. With a thin veil of fiction Mr. Garrett traces the history of steel from the early days of struggle and experimentation down to the absorption of that industry by Wall Street and Big Business. But steel and fiction somehow do not puddle very well. The affaires de coeur of Thane, John Breakespeare and Agnes seem strangely incongruous in their politico-technical background. The literary puddler must have real genius to learn his trade—long patience granted only to few.

C. R. B.

Graven Image, by Margaret Widdemer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

MISS WIDDEMER is a better poet than novelist, but she should not on that account abandon novel-writing. The merits of her new book, Graven Image, amply justify its existence. Anne and Kathleen Western are living, breathing characters, and their cousins, the Gaylords, who break the Second Commandment by setting up an image of self-worship and superiority, are skilfully depicted. The marriage of Anne to Anthony and the love affairs of Kathleen with her cousins, however, seem a crude stage device for strengthening the Gaylord tradition. One cannot but marvel at the propensity for so much love-making between kith and kin.

C. R. B.

Heart's Blood, by Ethel M. Kelley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00.

THE most important gleanings from Heart's Blood, Ethel M. Kelley's third or fourth novel in diary form, do not concern Gwennie, the heroine and narrator, but Ethel M. Kelley, author and sponsor. Heart's Blood shows that Gwennie has not changed a jot since her previous appearance as Mary in Beauty and Mary Blair; but her author has strengthened her technique. Gwennie has been carefully constructed; her narrative style is dry, as becomes a rock-ribbed spinster; she "washes up" after meals and wears her georgette blouse to church sociables; her grandmother dies decently, quoting Emerson; in fact, from page one, when she confesses herself in love with her cousin's husband, to page two hundred and one, when she commits suicide, not a tone is permitted which is incongruous with Puritan-stoical Massachusetts maidenhood. She is an eminently perfect example of what the man who points his finger at you in advertisements calls Character Building but she lacks the breath of life. I think Gwennie ought—somewhere, just a little,—to have slobbered.

H. G.

Contributors

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